

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## THE SILVER LADY GOES ABOUT

### THE LION UP A TREE A GROUND ANIMAL ALOFT

A Remarkable Picture From  
South Africa and What it Means  
NATURE'S SAFETY BARRIERS

By Our Natural Historian

A remarkable photograph which has been published from South Africa has been hailed as proof that old theories as to the habits of lions are wrong. Lions are shown in this photograph climbing a tree.

The truth is that lions can climb in certain conditions, as the C.N. pointed out long ago. In this picture the trunk of the tree the lions have climbed throws off its first great bough some four or five feet above the ground.

A second picture shows a lion beginning its climb with its back to the trunk and its claws gripping a stout branch which springs from the root of the tree. Probably a dog could climb this tree. The branches of the trees spread horizontally and afford a good grip for any animal with claws.

#### What Lions and Tigers Can Do

All observers have agreed that lions and tigers can and do climb trunks which slope near to the ground, but they cannot climb trees where the trunks are vertical, and of a great height. A cat will bound up a tree whose trunk is straight and unbranched for the first twenty feet. A lion, to accomplish such a feat, would have to scale a perpendicular trunk eighty feet high before the first branch occurs.

The evidence of generations of hunters in India and Africa leaves us with what amounts almost to a natural law that any fugitive is safe from the teeth and claws of a lion once he is eighteen feet up a tree. The lion cannot climb eighteen feet vertically up a tree; but by making a great spring it may reach with its claws to such a height. If the tree sloped, or if the branches came low enough to afford a lattice-work foothold, the lion could climb as well as a leopard, so long as its weight was not too heavy for the branch.

#### Limits to Climbing Powers

There are limits to the climbing powers of the lion and tiger; there are limits to the climbing powers of all animals. A range of mountains is as effective a barrier as an ocean to the passage of animal life. Steep vertical rocks defy the goat, the bear, and the monkey. It is recognition of that fact which has given animals a new freedom on the open-air terraces at the Zoo.

Hadrian built a great wall across England and China raised her Great Wall to prevent invasion; but Nature raised the first great walls and barriers: salt water for all the amphibians and many reptiles, mountains proof against all but a few, and straight tall trees to afford sanctuary against the attacks of lions and tigers.

E. A. B.

### Our Beautiful World



Here one of England's most beautiful cathedrals stands amid all the glory of our English spring. It is the tower of Gloucester, which has seen five hundred summers come and go with blossoms like this.



This is a scene from the friendly heart of a friendly world; it is the peaceful shore of Lake Geneva, with the headquarters of the League of Nations almost in sight.

The Saddest Event in History  
See My Magazine for June

### THE SILVER LADY PASSES BY A TALE OF LONDON NIGHTS

The Car of Heart's Desire That  
Comes Up Just in Time

#### A MILLIONAIRE MISTAKE

It is midnight, and all London is asleep save the very luxurious and the very miserable.

A girl steals out from a block of flats, carrying a bag that is heavy and jingles a little. She gets into a small car and drives off toward the Thames.

Could Dickens himself have imagined a more romantic beginning for a tale of the London streets? But this is not a tale. It is sober fact that a girl sets off in this way on two or three nights every week. She does not return till about four in the morning.

#### Under the Railway Arches

Could we follow her we should see her go up to some poor old woman crouching under the railway arches at Charing Cross. In a moment she is gone and the old woman is half weeping over the silver in her hand. Into the crypt of St. Martin's Church she goes, asking the homeless people sheltering there if they would like tickets for food and a bed at a Salvation Army Home. Then she goes to the Embankment, to overtake some shuffling bundle of rags, and slip money into his hands. Sometimes we should see her line up shivering people round a coffee-stall for a warm meal.

The homeless people of London call her the Silver Lady. She flits about the streets, scattering shillings, and leaving a trail of happiness in her wake. Silver Lady is a fit name. Her other name is Baxter. She will tell you she is simply carrying on a work begun by her grandfather, Rev. Michael Baxter, and her father Paget Baxter. She says that it is not her own money, but her grandfather's and some subscribed by friends, that she distributes.

#### Devoted Work for the Destitute

But the pity and the kindness are hers. Every day she provides 500 free meals in a canteen in Lambeth, so that her days as well as her nights are given to the destitute.

Only once has the Silver Lady met with any ingratitude. She saw a shabby man pacing the Embankment late at night. "The poor man has seen better days, and now he has not enough to pay for a bed," she thought. So she stole up and slipped a shilling into his hand. How could she know he was a millionaire staying at the Savoy Hotel?

Many a romantic story has been written of the London streets, but few can compare with the true romance of the Silver Lady, coming just as the poorest folk of all have given up hope of earning or begging the price of a bed and suddenly bringing them their heart's desire.



## FRAGMENTS OF A COMET'S TAIL

### BROUGHT TO EARTH ACROSS SPACE

Matter Which Catches Fire  
and Lights Our Skies

### THE FLYING PATHWAY TO THE MOON

The Earth has been adding to her weight since the last C.N. appeared.

While receiving the normal allowance of meteors with which space is continually endowing us, we have had additions of the same kind from the tail of Halley's Comet. The comet has not been visible to us, and will not be for some years, but we have been sufficiently near its path to attract to ourselves some of the matter in its train.

Halley's Comet has a special interest for us as being the first comet to enable the mind to grasp a fundamental problem of the heavens and venture a daring prophecy. Halley, one of our earliest Astronomers-Royal, discovered the comet which bears his name, and predicted the year of its return—1759.

#### A True Calculation

The event justified his forecast; the comet was up to time and, true to the calculation of a man then dead, came within view in 1835, and again in 1910. This year it passes us millions of miles away, but not too far to prevent our luring something of its material to the Earth, solid matter which has been coursing through space for millions of years, and catches fire in our atmosphere to light our skies with a majestic radiance.

There is in this matter of whirling meteorites, and in the haphazard course of comet fragments pulled out of their path, a danger to travellers in space which neither inventors nor the authors of fiction have ever recognised. From the days of Daedalus and Icarus down to the present hour man has aspired to scale the heavens.

#### Flying to a Star

More than one writer has made imaginary men fly to the Moon, and there are even adventurous souls planning and scheming now to attempt a flight propelled by rockets.

Even the Moon does not content such dreamers as a goal. One of them declares that if we can only extract full value from radium, or release the energy latent in an atom, we shall, having conquered earthly conditions, mount a machine and fly to the nearest star.

Even supposing it were possible, a pathway through the air would bring the flyer under frequent barrages of meteors and the tails of comets. According to Professor Eddington's latest declaration, the old Greek idea that the waxen wings of Icarus were melted by the heat of space was not, after all, so fantastic.

#### Unthinkable Temperature

While it is true that our airmen would be frozen to ice unless protected by clothes artificially warmed, the cosmic cloud of which Professor Eddington speaks, the cloud through which the stars run their courses and of which they are born, is as hot as the hottest of those stars themselves. That heat would not merely melt the wings of Icarus, but reduce him to a puff of vapour.

The temperature of this newly-discovered realm of cloud is so unthinkable that the rays of our Sun, as they pour out upon this fiercely torrid vapour, are by comparison as a blast of icy wind. So, if we should escape the barrage, there remains the fire of ultimate space. The stars seem very safe from our invasion.

## DOES IVY KILL A TREE?

### AN OLD QUESTION UP AGAIN

The Honest Creeper and Its  
Place in the Wood

### AN OFFICIAL DEFENDER

The spring is young, but an old bogey is on the wing again, and well-meaning friends of trees are doing their best to urge us all to sally forth with knife and hatchet and slay all the ivy that may lie within our reach.

The complaint is raised that numbers of noble trees are being strangled to death by ivy. It is true that the elm disease is spreading dangerously; true also, sad to say, that many trees stricken by a mysterious disease are perishing miserably in the splendid Forest of Dean. But ivy is not the culprit there.

#### A Twofold Charge

The charge against this lusty creeper is twofold. On the one hand it is accused of grasping trees like an octopus and of living on their sap; the second charge is that ivy, with its steady and relentless grip, establishes such a stranglehold that its helpless host is unable to expand and grow, and so must die.

But is that so? Ivy, we know, is not good for trees when they are young, and too much of it may be bad in any case; but the popular theory must be largely modified in the light of modern knowledge.

The ivy has found a gallant defender in a high official of the British Forestry Commission who declares that only very rarely is ivy harmful to trees. The one danger arising from its presence is that, when it has scaled the trunk and reached the crown, it may bush luxuriantly forth, suppress the leaves, and so reduce the activity of growth of the tree.

#### Not a Parasite

For the remainder ivy is quite an honest creeper, legitimately rooted in the soil and not a parasite upon the tree. The rootlets it throws out from its branches are merely to enable the plant to maintain its grip and its vertical growth. Unlike mistletoe, which is truly a parasite, the ivy derives nothing of its food from the tree, but is quite independent of its host for nourishment, which it obtains from the soil and the air.

As to the supposed strangling effect of ivy, the Forestry expert admits that there may possibly be some restriction in the flow of sap in the tree, but if this happens it is so slow in effect as to have escaped official observation. One of the Forestry Commission's experts cut ivy 105 years old from an oak which was in the perfection of vigour, and there is ivy at Montpellier 450 years old which has done no harm to anything.

All this was stated by the Forestry Commission years ago, but the cry has gone forth again, and once more ivy is strangling trees and draining their life—so they say.

## HIDES, BONES, AND THE LEAGUE

"Cheaper boots and shoes" is the meaning, in plain English, of the conference on Hides and Bones called by the League of Nations some time ago, and Britain has now ratified the convention then drawn up.

It is an agreement between countries for abolishing the restrictions that have hitherto been placed on the import and export of hides and bones, and prices of leather and other goods should therefore be reduced.

Our country is the first Great Power to ratify, only Belgium as yet having done so, but ratification is being considered by France and Germany.

## THE CRYSTAL BALL OF POETRY

### DANCING POEMS TO LIFE

A Little School of Eucherics  
and the Fine Work It is Doing

### WORDS AND THEIR MUSIC

For ever, it seems, all down the ages and all over the world, the crystal ball of poetry has been rolling; and in it are gathered all the noblest thoughts and deepest emotions of men who in their poems have crystallised the beauty of the world.

It is for this reason that children have poems read to them and are given poetry to learn. But there is more in a poem than words. There is indeed the choice of beautiful words, making music for our ears; but there is also rhythm, pattern, growth, and phrasing.

#### Poetry and Movement

For anyone to appreciate all this by just learning or reciting a poem is not easy, and we have watched with great interest the growing up of what is called the Science of Eucherics, which is putting into operation a process by which all these different but equally important parts of the poet's work may be fused into a beautiful whole, satisfying at once to the ear and to the eye, by means of human movement.

Miss Eve Acton-Bond, who has given some years of her life to this work, has lately been giving a demonstration of the system. Her pupils were girls from L.C.C. schools, the Acton-Bond School of Eucherics, and tiny children from Haverstock Hill School, all of whom spent an afternoon showing to an interested audience the method by which they are taught to translate poems into moving patterns, beautiful positions, and rhythmic movements.

#### How It Is Done

Above all things the children are taught to forget themselves and to listen only to the music of the poet. So they lose all self-consciousness and become natural in their movements and responsive to the emotions expressed in the poetry.

The system is taught to children of all ages. The youngest, about four and five, are taught first the importance of rhythm, and while a teacher reads to them a poem, perhaps a nursery rhyme, they march or skip or jump, according to the lilt of the verses. Later they learn to make patterns for themselves and interpret the mood of the poem. While The Crooked Man is read they march in uneven spirals and finish in a position suggesting that they all live together in a crooked little house.

#### Like a Sculptured Sonnet

We watched while the meaning and beauty of form in poetry were demonstrated by some of the older girls. A Shakespearean sonnet was read to them, and by the adoption of a different position for each different line-ending, and separating the three quatrains and final couplet, there stood revealed, when the voice of the reader had ceased, something like a sculptured sonnet, a living pattern of the form in which Shakespeare had confined his stately words and phrases.

The afternoon ended with the recitation of a famous poem by the girls, and as they strode in single column from the stage chanting Arthur O'Shaughnessy's "We are the music-makers and we are the makers of dreams," we felt that these young people, with the finest poems in the world on their lips, with beautiful movements at their command, and with an ease and grace perhaps worthy of the ancient Greeks, might well cry:

*We are the movers and shakers  
Of the world for ever, it seems.*

## REMARKABLE JOURNEY OF AN OWL

### Fifty Yards at a Time

### THE COTSWOLD FEAT

Professor Ernest Warren of Natal Museum tells a wonderful story of a tame owl which loved its home as faithfully as any dog or cat.

Two Cape barn owls made a home in the roof of a verandah at Ashburton, and one of the fledglings was taken by the farmer and reared by hand as a pet. It was not kept in a cage, but one wing was clipped so that it could not fly more than fifty yards at a time and never rise high in the air.

The owl took his food from his friend's hand, and did as he liked all day, but at night he put himself to bed in a shelter box provided for him. He led the life of a pet dog who wanders freely about the house and garden and retires obediently when his master says "Kennel!" at nightfall.

#### Journey in a Box

Somebody wanted the owl so much that at last the farmer agreed to part with his pet. Mr. Owl was put in a closed box and motored to another farmhouse at Cotswold, 60 miles away.

Twelve days later an early riser heard a little noise in Mr. Owl's shelter, and found him sitting there. He seemed quite calm, and not at all tired. "Hullo!" his expression seemed to say. "Did you sleep well? Good! So did I. Now what about breakfast?"

They found that Mr. Owl had given his new hosts a four-days trial and then disappeared. He was so homesick that he could stand it no more. In spite of his clipped wing he had covered 60 miles in eight days.

How had he found his way over bush and veld? He had never left the farmstead before that journey in the closed box.

#### A Nature Mystery

Professor Warren says either the bird had acquired a general knowledge of the features of the landscape in its first home and was led back by such clues, or it was conducted back by certain natural influences which we can only dimly surmise. People have often written to tell the C.N. of dogs and cats who have returned to distant homes in this mysterious fashion, but we think it is the first time a pet owl has made such a journey.

How weary he must have been, making a tiring series of fifty-yard flights on his clipped pinion, and how thankful he must have felt when he crept into his shelter at last!

## THINGS SAID

Every child in my country knows Hamlet. *The Japanese Ambassador*

At no time in history has the intellectual class been so uninfluential.

*Mr. Sidney Herbert*

I am not interested in white supremacy. I am interested in character supremacy. *Dr. Stanley Jones*

The cult of the ugly must have advanced very far when a young girl is an eyesore in a room. *Dean Inge*

It is said that the average man finishes his education fifty years too soon. *Lancashire Director of Education*

We discard so many gracious and kindly things when we throw the old conventions overboard.

*Miss Ethel Mannin*

We have banished the word sin from our dictionaries, but the ugly fact remains. *Mr. Baldwin*

Do we deserve our lovely countryside? Look at the banks of the Thames near Gravesend, once they were beautiful. *Mr. Herbert J. Ward*



May 18, 1929

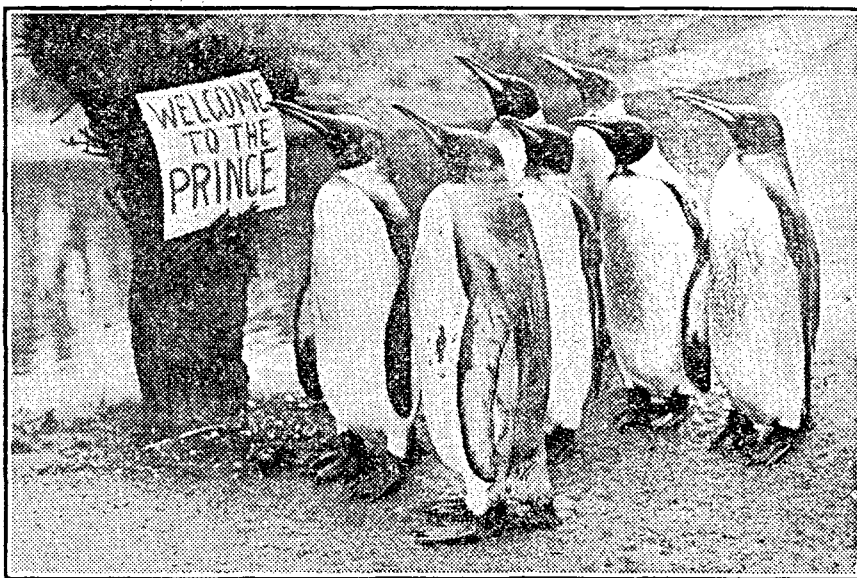
The Children's Newspaper

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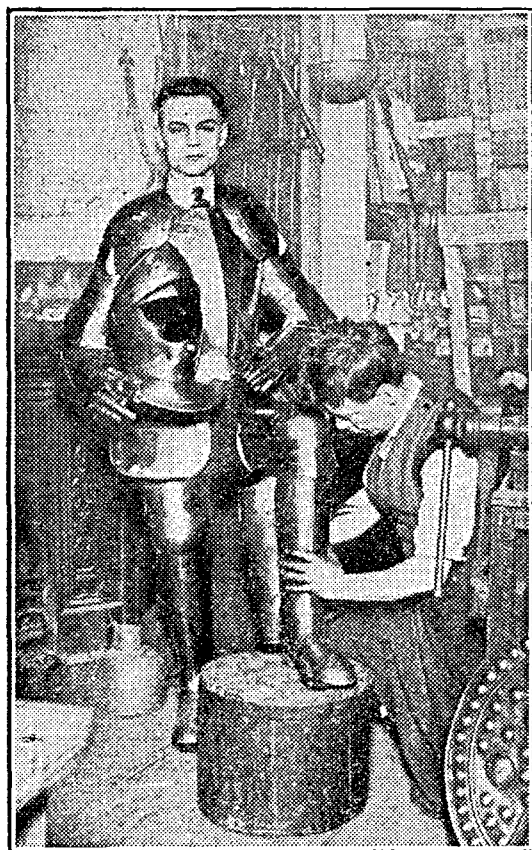
# MAKING ARMOUR • JERUSALEM ELECTRIFIED • WEMBLEY OF THE NORTH



**Art Critics**—There is always something fresh to be seen in London, and when these children went for a romp in Hyde Park they were keenly interested in a lady artist at work.



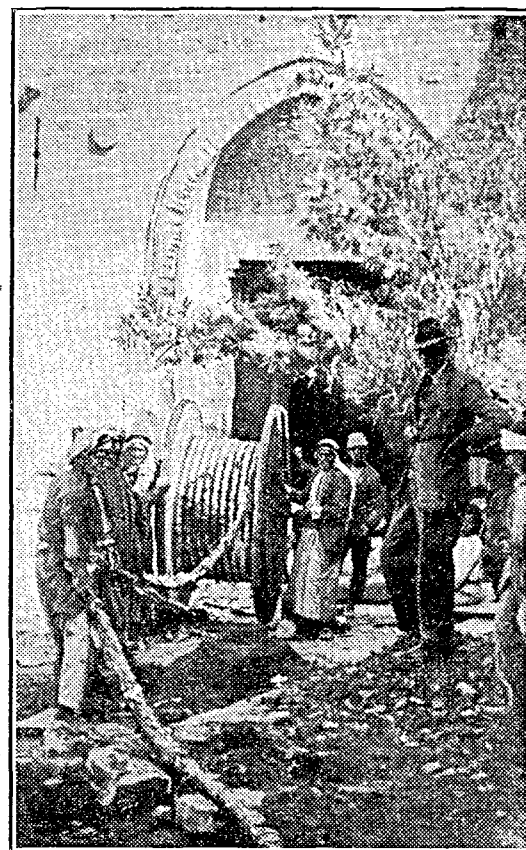
**Welcoming the Prince**—The Prince of Wales attended a dinner to celebrate the centenary of the London Zoological Society. Here are some of the penguins welcoming the royal visitor.



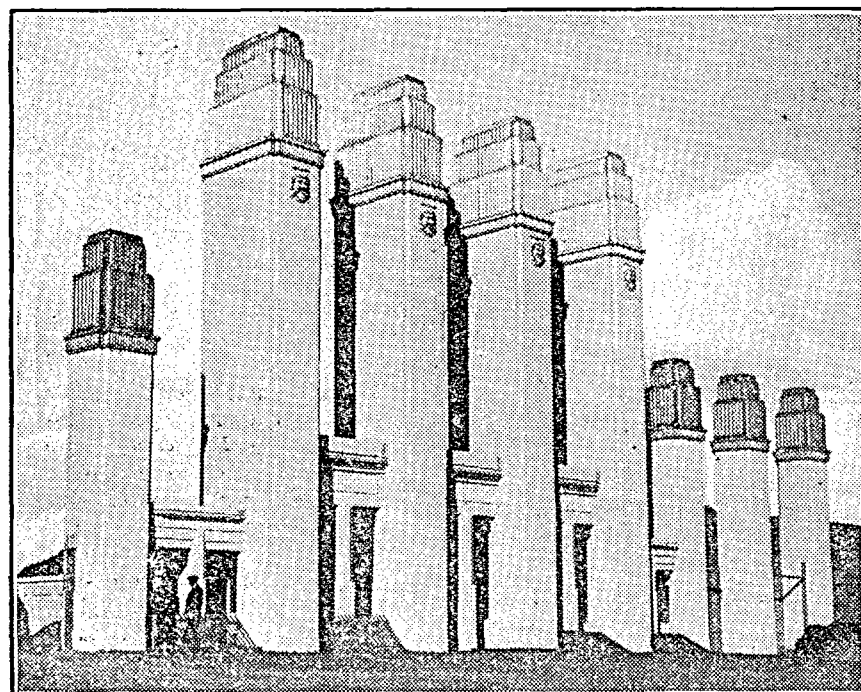
**Armour Made to Measure**—A man who makes armour is still at work in London, as shown here. The suits are required for military tournaments and pageants.



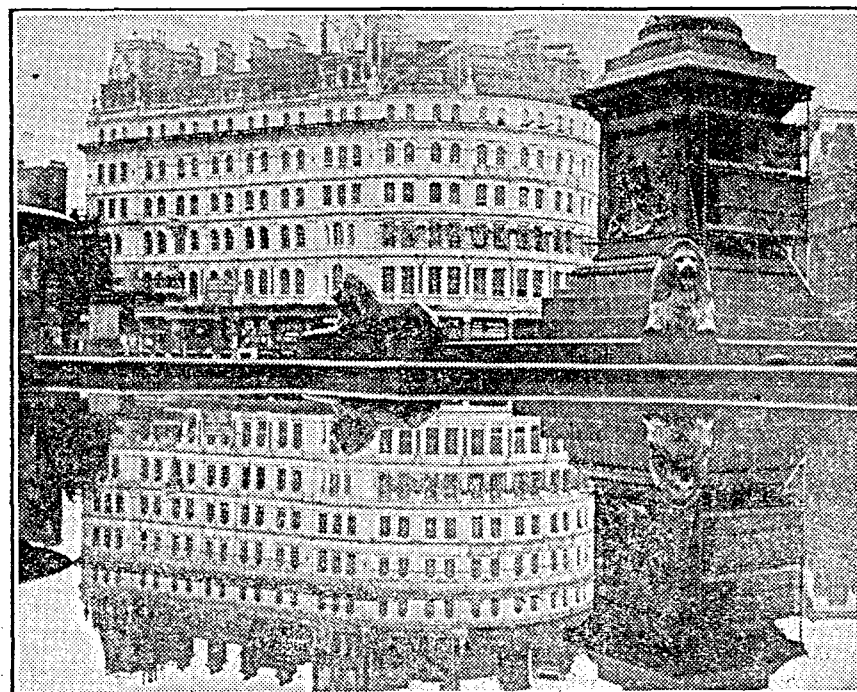
**Railway Queen in Holland**—Miss Ena Best, the British Railway Queen, has been visiting Holland. In this picture we see her being presented with an armful of blossoms in one of the bulb fields.



**Jerusalem Electrified**—The Holy City is to be lighted by electricity, and the work is nearing completion. Here we see a cable being laid at the Damascus Gate.



**Wembley of the North**—This is the imposing entrance to the great North-East Coast Exhibition at Newcastle which opened this week. It covers an area of 100 acres. See page 4.



**A London Reflection**—This remarkable picture of a reflection in the placid water of one of the Trafalgar Square basins was taken in the early morning, when the fountains were not playing.



## THE BRAVE NORTH COUNTRY

### NEVER BEATEN

The Courage of a People Faced With Adversity

### NEWCASTLE'S WEMBLEY

The brave North Country, never knowing when she is beaten, has set England another example in courage.

Newcastle has built a Wembley of her own. She can only look forward with the eye of faith to its results, for no one can predict the success or failure of such an exhibition. The only certain thing is that the Tyneside will never look on any failure except as a passing thing.

The Newcastle Wembley was opened on May 14, and will last six months. Its real name is the North-East Coast Exhibition; and its purpose is to bring trade to the Tyneside and open the eyes of people to its possibilities in factory sites.

### Nothing Venture Nothing Win

Men who can look ahead see great openings in the development of the Gateshead side of the Tyne for Continental trade. The Tyneside has suffered terribly from the trade depression of the last eight years. It is quite time something was done, and the Newcastle Wembley has been planned on the principle of Nothing venture Nothing win.

The Exhibition is being held on the Town Moor. Altogether it covers a hundred acres. Its buildings, cream and white and terra-cotta, strike a happy note in contrast with the historic grey old town. In the middle are the white palaces of Industry and Engineering. From the glass domes of these buildings there are to be searchlights which people twenty miles away will be able to see, and say "There is our Wembley lighting up the sky."

The Festival Hall has been daintily designed, and its shape alone will cheer up the people who come to the fifty conferences to be held there during the summer; and there are band-stands, fountains, and water-chutes.

### All Space Taken

Hundreds of thousands of people must be set thinking by this Exhibition. There are 32 competitions for models of engines to be made by workmen; displays of fine art and handicraft in the women's section. There are 400 trade exhibitors who are paying rent at 7s. 6d. a square foot. Among them are a Norwegian shipping firm, and about a hundred foreigners"—firms not of the Tyneside.

It is good to know that all available space has been taken by the exhibitors, and that £100,000 income will come from that source alone. Forty thousand season tickets at a guinea each have been sold too; so that it would seem that there is a chance the Exhibition will be a success. If it is a failure, the promoters have a guarantee fund of £200,000 to fall back on; but they will not consider themselves beaten; only pushed back.

In this courageous spirit have they planned their Wembley. *Picture on page 3*

### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait by Gainsborough . . .	£15,225
William III silver dish . . .	£1102
2 old silver sweetmeat stands . .	£1013
Charles II tankard . . .	£938
George I tea-kettle . . .	£808
William Kent mahogany cabinet . .	£525
Octagonal sugar basin . . .	£490
Chinese vase . . .	£400
George II inkstand . . .	£356
George II silver box . . .	£329
18th-century Irish chocolate pot .	£325
Queen Anne mirror . . .	£304
Charles II bracket clock . . .	£210
Queen Anne dredger . . .	£97
Small silver bowl . . .	£96

## CHANG AND CO.

An Elephant With a Bad Temper

### SMALL PETER

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo's riding elephants are so extraordinarily gentle that it is hard to realise that elephants can make themselves most unpleasant. Yet the Zoo is having great trouble with one of its elephants.

The obdurate animal is not one of the hard-working elephants who carry children up and down the Broad Walk each afternoon; he is a young Indian bull elephant called Chang. It will probably be remembered that Chang came to the menagerie some eighteen months ago with his mother, and when the Zoo decided last summer that the calf was old enough to leave his mother a mahout was sent for from India.

### Keepers Attacked

Having separated the elephants, the mahout persuaded the mother animal to earn her living by giving rides to Zoo visitors while another mahout took charge of Chang. At first Chang resisted all attempts to train him, but in time the mahout was able to ride and control the young elephant. However, before Chang's training was completed his mahout left the Zoo, and the elephant became unreasonable again.

As the months passed, his temper grew worse and worse, until at length he really disgraced himself. One morning, when the keeper was cleaning his den, the elephant attacked him and injured the man's thigh by kicking him against the walls of the den. The next day his behaviour was even worse, for he attacked another keeper, and this time Chang was responsible for three broken ribs. Consequently Chang has become rather a problem.

All the Zoo's riding elephants are females, and though they do occasionally go on strike none has ever been guilty of a display of bad temper. But bull elephants are never so docile, and the few specimens the menagerie has possessed have never worked, but have merely been show animals.

### Bad Tempers

Kiberenge, the young African bull elephant who died last year, was developing an unpleasant disposition just before he died, and it was thought the bars of his cage would have to be strengthened. The famous Jumbo was sold to America because he was growing dangerous and had fits of violent rage. Yet, although these two elephants were bad tempered, they were good with their own keepers, reserving their energies for strangers, whereas Chang is even spiteful toward his keepers, for he regarded the mahout as his master.

Although Peter, the Zoo's smallest elephant, is a male, as yet he shows no sign of turning nasty. On warm days he takes walks round the gardens with his keeper.

## CHARACTER IN SPAIN

Thus Far and No Farther

The King of Spain has signed a decree providing that officers rising from the ranks may in future attain the rank of colonel.

To an English mind there is something monstrous in saying to merit "Thus far and no farther." But until the Spanish decree ranker officers could rise no higher than captain. Now they can be colonels, and one day, no doubt, a Spanish decree will say that every man may go as far as his character will take him. It has come elsewhere; it will come in Spain.

The new decree is not a very big step, but it is in the right direction.

## SIGNS OF SPRING

Grass in Holborn

Nobody who let the grass grow under his feet would expect to get very far in London, but the grass is growing underfoot in Bloomsbury because the Holborn Borough Council is too busy to attend to it.

Last December Bloomsbury High Street blew up. The road has been up ever since. The omnibuses, to ease the traffic, still go one-way down Southampton Row instead of westward along High Holborn.

On the neglected pavements grass is beginning to sprout between the paving-stones. Dean Hole once told us that the grass was always waiting beneath the pavements to come up whenever the absent feet of men gave it an opportunity. In Holborn it has waited no longer than the spring. The Holborn Borough Council talks of waiting till the autumn.

Time and tide and the blade of grass wait for no man; but though we have seen grass springing in the streets of Hooru and Enkhuizen, the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee from which the commerce has departed, we never expected it in the live city of London.

## SHAKING HANDS

How It Is Done at Geneva

By Our League Correspondent

A local railway company, controlling routes partly in Hungary and partly in Czecho-Slovakia, was unable to agree with the Governments of those two countries over a proposed reorganisation of its lines.

The dispute was an international matter, and the company therefore requested the League of Nations to arrange a settlement. The League Council in March appointed arbitrators, who were asked not to enter upon their duties until May 15, thereby giving all parties further opportunity to find a satisfactory solution.

At the same time the Council invited the chairman of the League Transit Committee to offer the services of one of its experts to help them, and this was immediately done, with the result that by the middle of April representatives of the Hungarian and Czecho-Slovakian Governments and of the local railway company met at the League Secretariat and signed an agreement.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

There are nearly 90,000 shops in London.

A London Hospital last year used 127 miles of bandages.

The number of pianos made in this country last year was the largest since before the war.

### Gold in Ireland

Gold has been found in an Irish gravel-pit. Samples have been sent to England for analysis.

### India's Strikes

The number of working days lost through strikes in India last year was over thirty million.

### Electricity in Canada

Canada has increased its electric power in five years from one million to nearly six million horse-power.

### An Old Parachutist

Mr. William H. Shipley has died at 75. He was a noted parachutist years ago, and made a record descent of 17,000 feet.

### A National Monument

Waynflete's Tower at Esher, given to the leader of the fleet against the Armada by Queen Elizabeth, has been scheduled as a national monument.

### Discovery in Arabia

Old furnaces and iron and copper mines have been discovered by a British expedition in the south-west of Petra, in Arabia.

### L.N.E.R.

On the L.N.E.R. last year first-class passengers decreased by 227,000, second-class by 99,000, third-class by 1,600,000, and receipts by £489,000.

## CHARITY NEVER FAILETH

The Unknown Work of the Salvation Army

THE KING AND A GREAT CAUSE

The C.N. offers its congratulations to General Bramwell Booth and to the Salvation Army on the distinction of Companion of Honour conferred on him by the King.

The holders of that distinction are few and select. All have done work lofty in type. It is particularly fitting that this recognition of the national work of the Salvation Army should come at this time, when both have passed through trouble unscathed, amid widespread sympathy.

A recent article in the C.N. on the work of the Army among the poor has brought us a striking appreciation of a kind of work done by the Army which will be unknown probably to most people. We mean the work it will do for people who are not poor, and yet need such help as it can give, work for which they can and ought to pay.

### Four Illustrations

Our correspondent, a lady, gives four illustrations of the Army's helpfulness from her own experience. She shall herself tell what happened.

1. I landed at a Colonial port with three young children, and an enormous load of laundry. No work of the kind had been done on the ship. A kindly Salvation Army lass took it all away, laundered the things perfectly, and returned them the next day. I paid her at the current rate.

2. I reached a strange port late at night and was directed to a Salvation Army citadel. Immediately decent accommodation was found for me and my children. I paid thankfully at hotel rates, for I had felt secure.

3. Without question the commanding officer of the Salvation Army in a seaport far from home arranged for my children to be entirely cared for for a fortnight. For this service I was allowed to pay such a sum as I considered adequate.

4. On one occasion I wished to send a young child home from Australia, and I was told in Melbourne that a returning officer of the Salvation Army would take charge of her and guarantee to deliver her safely, and that I could pay what my means would allow.

Well may our correspondent add: "What a standby is such a wonderful charity—and no self-respect need be lost by middle-class folk in accepting it!"

We believe many readers will welcome this sidelight thrown on the Army's work. As far as may be, it responds to the needs of all.

## WHY THE TERRIER WAGGED HIS TAIL

A Penny-in-the-Slot Story

About the last place where one expects to find an animal story is in the pages of a company report, but we have found one there.

At a railway station near London one chocolate machine, for some unaccountable reason, was doing far more business than any of the others. The British Automatic Company was gratified but puzzled, and sent down a representative to find out the reason.

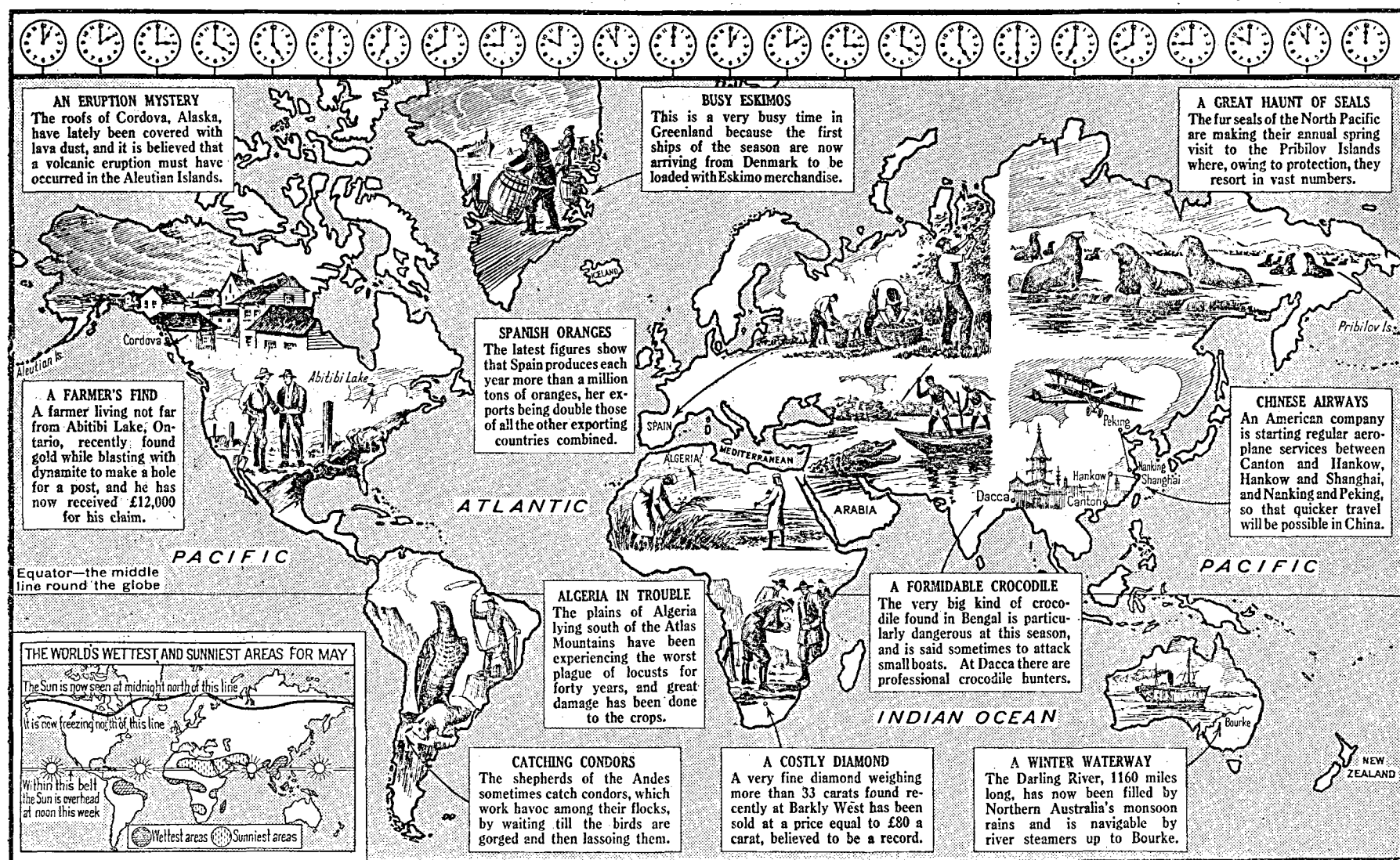
The stationmaster's dog, an intelligent Yorkshire terrier, provided him with the solution.

One day the dog had been given a piece of chocolate out of the machine, and had since guarded it carefully, inviting each passer-by to put a penny in the slot, and afterwards share the delicacy with him.

His enthusiasm and tail-wagging were generally rewarded, and the British Automatic Company thanked him for the increase in its receipts.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## A LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR FOR THE ZOO

Everybody who has taken a lump of sugar to a favourite pony will understand the idea of Mr. H. Hinton, a Fellow of the Zoological Society.

He has large business interests in Madeira, and all through the season he presents the animals with a supply of fresh sugar-cane. Most of us like chocolate, but our enthusiasm for chocolate is nothing compared to Bruin's love of sugar-cane. Many monkeys and various smaller animals look forward to sweets.

It is nice to think of the great ships bringing a little sugar-cane for the bears with their bigger merchandise, like the farmer who brings a bag of sweets back from market for the children.

## THE WILLING SLAVE GIRL

In Meknes, which was old Mequinez when a Sultan of Morocco had his palace there, a slave girl still hugs her chains.

She was bought and sold, and when the French-native court brought buyer and seller to justice for having broken the law which forbids slavery it was the slave girl who cried loudest against the decree.

With tears and cries she declared that she did not want her liberty.

Liberty meant to her no more than hard living and hard work. She much preferred to be a slave, sure of board and lodging.

It is the willing slaves, the contented slum-dwellers, who make the reformer's task so hard. The French have given to Morocco fine roads and motor-omnibuses, even an aeroplane post. They have built modern hygienic towns by the side of the old insanitary ones. They have replaced robbery and bribery in high places by just laws. They have given everybody freedom—but there are still Moroccans who do not want it!

## HALF-A-CROWN A CHILD

Sir Charles Trevelyan called together the workmen on his Wallington estate in Northumberland the other day and told them of a pleasant surprise.

From May Day of this year he is allowing every man half-a-crown a week extra for each child until it leaves school.

The estate covers 14,000 acres and employs many foresters, woodmen, joiners, and gardeners.

Lady Trevelyan will pay the money herself. One day, she says, governments will apply the principle of family allowances generally. They do it already as far as the Income Tax is concerned.

## GOOD TIDINGS

Prince Arthur of Connaught presided at a meeting of the Governors of the Middlesex Cancer Hospital the other day, and it was a very cheerful occasion.

The hospital's income has increased by more than £14,000. Scientific progress has been good. Mr. S. A. Courtault has given the Institute of Biochemistry and endowed it with £20,000. The Drapers Company and the Halley Stewart Trust have each given scholarships of £200 a year for research workers in the Institute.

The Middlesex County Rugby Football Union has made a donation of £3053.

Well done, everybody!

## FRIENDS OF THE BIRDS

A charming scrap of news reaches us from Suffolk.

During the severe frost we had in February a village baker sold a large number of extra loaves because nearly everyone in the place was feeding the birds!

Christendom is becoming worthy of its name, for Mercy and Charity are growing as common as roses in June, and it is ignorance rather than cruelty that keeps birds imprisoned in cages still. In another generation that ignorance will be as forgotten as Somerset's hunted stag.

## THE LAPWING'S MAGNA CARTA

This year the lapwings, swooping and ducking over the farmer's fields, are somersaulting more gaily than ever. Can it be that they know themselves to be under the protection of the Lapwings Act passed last year?

No one must lay hands on the lapwing, the green plover, from March 1 to August 31. The plover has six months' law.

The eye of the law, turned so benevolently on the plover, is turned more sternly on the poulterer who, in defiance of the Act, offers the bird for sale as food during those months.

A tradesman in Holland Park who did so, either because he did not know better, or had forgotten, was fined one shilling for offering up five lapwing victims on his counter.

The fine was levied "by way of a warning"; but the thanks of all good lapwings are due to the man who saw the dead birds exposed for sale and told the police.

## WAKING UP IN A FLOOD

The vellum certificate of the Royal Humane Society has been awarded to a gallant policeman of Ceylon whose name is E. M. K. Banda.

One night two men at Patakade woke to find their hut surrounded by rapidly rising waters and the river in flood. They scrambled to the roof of the hut, but it would not have been safe for long, and in any case no one could bring them food.

No boat could be used because of the current, and it would have been madness to swim, because whirlpools are a common feature of flooded rivers in Ceylon.

But Constable Banda possesses that fine sort of madness which faces peril for others. Fastening a rope to a tree higher up the river, he managed to reach the marooned men. The rope was secured to the hut and all three got safely ashore.

## WHAT HAPPENS TO THE INSECTS IN WINTER?

There is a general belief that insects suffer severely through a hard winter so that fruit-growers gain through the frost.

The Ministry of Agriculture tells us, however, that this conception is not borne out by facts, and the Ministry gives us as an instance the events of 1917.

In the early months of that year frosts were very severe, yet in the following summer insect pests seemed worse than usual. Wheat, pea crops, and bean crops suffered severely, root crops were badly attacked, and the caterpillar of the common or garden white butterfly was unusually abundant.

With regard to fruit, the winter moth caterpillar was very common. The worst thing was a severe epidemic of the caterpillars of the antler moth, armies of which invaded the Derbyshire Peak district.

We must not therefore expect relief from insects because of the hard winter.

## HALF HIS DINNER FOR JUMBO

A London reader sends us this story of the most famous of elephants, Jumbo.

When my eldest brother was a boy his school had a holiday and he went to the Zoo. My mother made him a large meat turnover to take with him.

When he returned he told us he had had a jolly day and then said: "Oh, mother, what do you think? I went to see the elephants, and thought I would eat my dinner there. As I was leaning on the barrier undoing my parcel I dropped it and then couldn't reach it. Jumbo tried, but he couldn't. So he put his trunk through the bars and blew it to me. I thought it was so clever of him that I could not help giving him half."

## THE KIND AUCTIONEER

Mr. Hurcomb, the famous auctioneer, has offered to hold an exhibition of Church Plate for the benefit of poor clergy. We hope this will materialise.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 18

1929

## What About Little Mother?

IT is a splendid thing that there should be so many clubs for boys springing up everywhere, with sports grounds and gymnasiums and summer camps, but we think it would be still more splendid if there were more clubs for girls.

Outside the Girl Guide movement so little is done for girls in comparison with boys. They are often forgotten in the rush of good movements in this busy world. Yet Little Mother is perhaps the most important little person in the world. Nobody knows what hosts of boys would do without her.

Perhaps it cannot be helped. When a boy finishes his lessons or comes home from his job he is free to amuse himself, but when a girl's work is finished in school, shop, or factory she has often to start again at home. In many cases she has to do the washing-up, or mend socks, or finish a bit of ironing or some other household task.

A welfare worker said in a book on the slums that sometimes Big Brother ought to look after Baby, and let Big Sister go out to play. We knew a woman once who said "I never had any playtime when I was little. Directly I got home Mother would say 'Here, take Baby for me.' My arms used to ache and ache, lugging him about the streets, watching the others at play. As soon as one baby could walk there seemed to be another for me to carry. I used to sit down and cry when I heard there was a new baby."

Somebody must help Mother, but it does not seem quite fair that boys should be treated as if they deserved all the fun and girls as if they deserved all the drudgery. What is the way out?

*We want more Settlements, where Big Sister can leave Baby in a playroom while she meets girls of her own age in another room of the same house.*

*We want rich people to endow girls with hockey and lacrosse and provide them with fields and swimming-baths as they give cricket and football equipment to boys.*

*We want brothers who will say "Mum, why don't you let Sis join the Guides? She doesn't get much fun. I'll stay in and help you one night a week."*

The team spirit is such a fine thing that it ought to be brought into the home and not left on the playing fields.

The Boy is a splendid fellow, who deserves all he gets. We hope he will get still more clubs and fields. But we do hope that kindly people will not forget his sister, the Little Mother of the slum street.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Telling the Time

A SCOTTISH listener has worked out that wireless costs him two-pence a week, and he considers it well worth while, because at last he knows the right time.

Before he started to listen-in he had three ways of telling the time, by the Sun, by the trains in the valley below, and by asking the postman, who would say "It was near 10 by the Gartclachan farm when I was there, and that would be half an hour ago, and they had the time from Sandy McPherson who got it at the market last week."

Now the man on the lonely hill's listens every night to Big Ben.

## Thank You, Peggy

WHILE staying in Surrey I collected the following strange surnames, which I thought might interest you:

Sopp	Tidy	Pook
Hurry	Churches	Lovey
Willow	Coffin	Blower
Dew	Dancy	Pepper
Herd	Lockey	Bridle
Marriage	Card	Shiver
Cowlard	Rust	Slaughter
Coffee	Dainty	Sneezum
Woolsack	Ive	Illman
Gold	Slipper	Wiseman
Port	Lay	Pulley
Wait	Stumble	Teago Stripp

I love the C.N. PEGGY BARRATT

## Things We Should Like Removed

1. RODIN'S splendid Burghers of Calais at the back of the Houses of Parliament, where it stands too high.
2. The War Memorial Obelisk at the corner of the Admiralty Buildings on Horse Guards Parade, which is so badly placed that as we approach it its beauty is entirely lost.
3. The organ in Gloucester Cathedral, which should be anywhere but where it is.
4. The paltry tin steeple (or is it of slate?) on Rochester Cathedral.
5. Of course the shabby unfinished front of the Central Hall at Westminster, which any rich Wesleyan should pay to cover up.

## A Horrible Thought

WE read that Mr. Ford is making aeroplanes for everybody. We dread to think what summer showers will be like when the Litter Lout flies.

## A Prayer for Election Time

Grant and continue unto us a succession of legislators and rulers who have been taught the wisdom of the kingdom of Christ. Endow all members of Parliament with a right understanding, a pure purpose, and sound speech. Enable them to rise above all self-seeking and party zeal into the larger sentiments of public good and human brotherhood. Purge our political life of every evil; subdue in the nation all unhallowed thirst for conquest or vain glory. Inspire us with calmness and self-restraint and the endeavour to get Thy will done everywhere upon the Earth.

John Hunter's Prayer

## The Machine-Made Paradise

I TURN away with doubt and dread from promises of a machine-made Paradise, for I want a world in which men are engaged in noble forms of workmanship and producing Beauty.

Mr. W. R. Lethaby

## Morning Dew

Can these be tears that glisten bright? Who was it then so softly wept Out in the stillness of the night While in a dream I slept?

These are no tears. The jewelled Morn, Passing my garden, laughed; and she Cast on the bosom of the lawn Pearls from her treasury.

## Tip-Cat

A MUSIC critic declares that a German orchestra ties itself in knots. It must have been watching the violin bows.

THERE is no such thing, says a woman novelist, as a perfect man. If there were he would be a perfect nuisance.

A NEWSPAPER writer says he cannot see that the world is any better. The last blind writer we think of at the moment was Milton.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If voters who do not like a candidate return him

of themselves. Some can do it without learning even that much.

To paint tiles white, a decorator advises, get a good white paint. It is a mistake to suppose it can be done with a good black.

THE average schoolboy spells atrociously, says a report. And generally spells it wrong.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY has received £5000 from the Misses Meek. The meek are endowing the Earth.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SIR ALEXANDER GRANT is giving £100,000 to Edinburgh University.

THE Training Ship Mercury's rare collection of ship's models, bought for £30,000, is given to the nation by Sir James Caird.

A BOX in the Albert Hall has been bequeathed to the National Institute for the Blind.

A MAN who loved his garden has left his gardener £1000.

## Lest We Forget

The time is coming for many millions of our people to cast their votes. It is a solemn time, and we may well remember the spirit of Mr Kipling's National Hymn.

GOD of our fathers, known of old,

Lord of our far-flung battle-line; Beneath whose awful Hand we hold

Dominion over palm and pine, Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget—lest we forget!

THE tumult and the shouting dies,

The captains and the kings depart,

Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,

A humble and a contrite heart.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget—lest we forget!

FAR-CALLED our navies melt away,

On dune and headland sinks the fire,

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday

Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,

Lest we forget—lest we forget!

IF, drunk with sight of power, we loose

Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,

Such boasting as the Gentiles use Or lesser breeds without the Law,

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,

Lest we forget—lest we forget!

FOR heathen heart that puts her trust

In reeking tube and iron shard;

All valiant dust that builds on dust,

And guarding calls not Thee to guard:

For frantic boast and foolish word, Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

## A Spring Moment

IN Hyde Park shine the crocuses On such a pearly day as this, Row upon row, so quaint, so right Their green and purple takes our sight

As though upon the velvet green They were embroidered over-night.

LISTEN! About that windy bush I hear a sudden, eager rush; It is a small bird settling there. Anon his silver notes and clear He shakes to heaven daringly And, singing, brings all heaven near.

HE sings for one wild moment, then

Stilled is his silver voice again.

He spreads his wings (a tremulous rush),

He skims the purple crocuses.

But still I hear in my mind's hush

A dream bird in a windy bush.

Flora Sandström

## Bishop Ken's Good-Night

Glory to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light!

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Bishop Thomas Ken



## THE WATCHER FOR THE BIRDS

### WAITING FOR THEM ON THE NORFOLK COAST

#### The Late Arrival of the Immigrants This Year

#### WHY?

By a Travelling Correspondent

##### BLAKENEY POINT

The Watchers on the Norfolk Coast are a little anxious, for their birds are late.

At the beginning of May the banks and dunes of the headlands and salt-marshes are generally alive with tern of various kinds who have wintered in the sunny South and come home again. In these early days they make a great fuss about their nests and each other.

For years without a break the advance guard of the tern army has appeared on April 26. There will be an irregular season and then, the next year, the great day in the tern calendar will be upheld again: This year they are late. A few little tern have come in in dribbles, but the great masses of sandwich tern, and common tern, and the carefully-watched roscate tern which make such a riot and flutter of wings in the bird sanctuaries, are clustered somewhere over the sea, waiting for the storms to go down.

#### Saved for the Birds

So the Watcher told me when we went out to the Point, and he has been studying the Blakeney birds for nearly 30 years.

Blakeney Point is one of the areas protected by the National Trust, for whose work we can never be sufficiently thankful. The Point was becoming a favourite place for summer huts, bathing, and yachting. Soon there would have been wireless, electric light, vulgar displays, and scarcely a bird to be seen. In 1912 two noble-hearted, public-spirited men bought the land known as Blakeney Point and gave it to the National Trust as a bird sanctuary.

#### Hard Work Begins

It is probable that people living in various parts of England are just aware that there are wild bird sanctuaries here and there in the country. They can have no idea what it means to those who watch the liberties of this fringe of life about the coast when the migrating birds begin to arrive and the stay-at-homes begin to nest.

The word goes down the coast: "Have they come yet?" A reply comes: "Some tern seen on Scott Head, some on Saltmarsh, Blakeney, some on Breydon, Horsey." Midway in May the Watcher's hard work begins. Before then he has spied nests of the ringed plover, the oyster-catcher, knows that the sheldrake have turned the rabbits out of their holes and used them for nests.

#### Unscrupulous Visitors

When the tern begin to nest he has to be especially careful, for sand blows into the nests, sometimes into the half-open eggs, choking the tiny birds. A high tide may wash the eggs clean out of the nest. Unscrupulous visitors will wait till they think the Watcher's back is turned to pocket one or two, but they find out that the man who wears across his jersey the words National Trust is not easily defeated. They find that he knows the number of eggs in practically every nest, and before the eggs have been long in the stealer's pocket that person is asked to put them back into the nest.

Blakeney Point lies across the salt marshes which divide the real land from the sea. Through the marshes the channel winds, and when the tide is high flings out numberless little lines of water. The marshes are dangerous to travel except at certain spots, and when they are crossed there is still the channel to cross, so that it would seem that Nature has

## THE RACE AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD

WE have been much interested to receive from a professor's chair in Wales a friendly criticism of a C.N. reference to the Eskimo.

The C.N. writer, mentioning these people incidentally, spoke of them as "backward, if not degenerate," and as having retreated from the main stream of life through being unable to stand the competition of the general run of mankind. The C.N. had no desire, of course, to say a single unfriendly word of the splendid Eskimo race. We have written many times of their virtues, and we are glad a passing phrase has brought this defence from a scientific correspondent.

The Eskimos (says our professor) are in all probability a survival of the hunting and collecting peoples of an early stage in the evolution of society and of

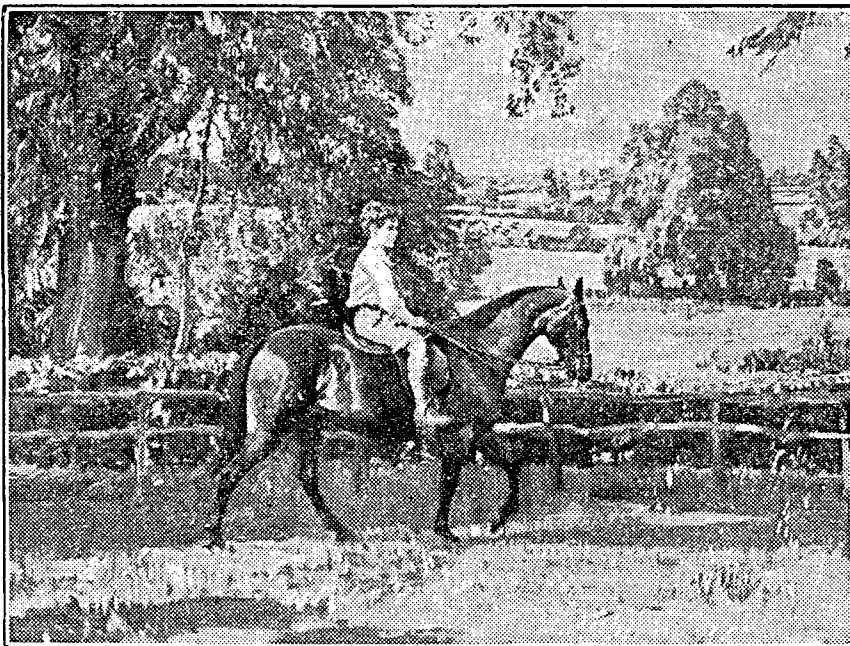
modern mankind, and in a sense it may be partially true that they migrated North long ago to avoid the competition of better-equipped rivals.

But this interpretation is but a very partial one. They are the unique example of extraordinarily and complete adaptation to an icy environment.

Their physical characters are such that it is doubtful whether, even apart from infectious diseases, they could live long in a temperate climate, and their mode of life is so highly specialised that they give a good account of themselves in any competition with American Indians who approach their domain.

They must be called a great success in their own environment, and it is doubtful whether other peoples could make very much of the Arctic without their help.

## PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY



Daffern Seal on "Canary," by A. J. Munnings, R.A.



Jane XXIX, by Gerald Kelly, A.R.A.



Lady Frank, by W. G. De Glehn, A.R.A.

Once again the Royal Academy is open, and thousands of people are going to Burlington House to see the great exhibition of pictures. As usual, portraits form a considerable proportion of the exhibits, and we give three beautiful examples here.

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Continued from the previous column

done her best to protect the birds in making the Point difficult of access.

The Watcher landed me in his little boat on the shingle beach of the Point, and allowed me to go his rounds with him. The ringed plover were already nesting on the pebble walk and I had to mind where I put my feet, for the plover's idea of a nest is a mere scrape out of the shingle, and the eggs are for all the world like pebbles. The oyster-catchers, I noticed, had got as far as scraping a hole.

We passed a pair, and the Watcher whistled to them in their own note. Then over the little sandhills we went to see if tern were coming. We found the sea beating in smashing force on the eastward beach and a great wind blowing and a cold to shake tears out of our eyes,

but of the looked-for tern not a whisper was to be heard.

"They'll come," said the Watcher, as we went back over the tide-drenched sandbanks to the channel, homeward bound. "It is the bitter cold that is keeping them back. But"—and his eyes swept the Point from end to end as he pushed the boat off—"I wish they'd come. I don't like my birds to be late."

I went homeward across the marshes in the rising wind and rain, thinking of the hundreds of birds flying somewhere, guided by a mysterious instinct, making for these solitary sandbanks, shingles, and marshes. How did they know which way to come? They must be somewhere outside the storm, waiting to get in. It is good to think that when they arrive, battered and spent, they will be in their haven, safe and sound.

## LITTLE SHIPS TO HELP A BIG ONE

### A DAY OF GOOD CHEER ON THE MERCURY

#### The First Prize of the Day on a Famous Training Ship

#### £30,000 FOR THE NATION

The Prince of Wales and other well-informed people, like C.N. readers, have long known about a ship called the Mercury, where small boys are turned into great seamen.

But they did not know of an anxiety troubling the ship's commander, our famous friend C. B. Fry, who, like his family, has devoted long years to the welfare of this training ship.

"When we are gone," said the Mercury's friends, "who will raise money to carry on the work?"

With this fear of the future in their minds they decided, very sadly, to sell the ship's museum. It was the largest privately-owned collection of model ships in England, and it covered English shipbuilding from 1640 to 1850. The Admiralty scale model of H.M.S. Princess Royal built in 1640 was there, and Charles the Second's gilded yacht, and many another.

#### A Splendid Display

"Only an American collector can afford to buy it," people said. The Mercury was sad to think of the little English ships leaving England, and yet it seemed more important that there should be money for training boys.

Well, a wonderful thing happened on the Mercury's prize day.

All the boys and the visitors were gathered in the ship's theatre, which stands on the shores of Hamble River, where the good ship is riding. First the ship's band played some stirring tunes, and then there was massed unison singing, which would have thrilled the most jaded ear, and hornpipes and Morris jigs and drill and signalling displays, till it seemed there was nothing the brown-faced, barefoot boys could not do, from navigating a ship to playing the French horn. Then the Bishop of Winchester stepped forward to give the prizes.

Prize-giving is apt to be dull to spectators, but this one was interesting because of the well-known people who had given many of the prizes, and whose names were read with the winners. A C.N. reader was interested to find that the C.N. Editor had given the Essay prize, which was won by a lad who also carried off the prize given by the Geographical Society. He was not there to receive them; they will be sent to his merchant service ship.

#### Sir James Caird's Gift

John Drinkwater gave a prize for reading, and E. V. Lucas one for unselfishness and good humour. Lord Birkenhead, Lord Riddell, and Sir James Caird were other prize-givers, and Mr. Selfridge gave a watch to the mother of the best boy in the ship.

But perhaps the best prize of all was the letter which reached Mrs. Fry that very day, saying that Sir James Caird would buy the ship models for £30,000 and present them to the great naval museum to be opened at Greenwich.

So their dear ships were not going to leave England! You should have heard the boys clapping! Not a bird could hear itself speak for miles, and all the cows thought there was thunder.

## HUNGARY'S CREED IN TIME OF TROUBLE

A Scout home from Hungary tells us that every tram in Budapest has this notice on it.

*I believe in God.*

*I believe in the Mother Country.*

*I believe in a Divine Justice.*

*I believe in the Resurrection of Hungary.*



## THE BUSY LEAGUE

### What They Talked About Last Month

#### WHALES, SMUGGLERS, AND BAD MONEY

Though the League of Nations never rests throughout the year, it becomes increasingly active in the spring.

No less than twelve meetings took place in April, hardly one of them without some live interest for everyday folk. If we could listen-in to them we should find delegates talking about such ordinary things as sugar and rice, fruit and vegetables, or about such unusual things as whales, such serious things as false coinage, and such exciting things as smuggling. The discussions, of course, are grave enough, as befits world affairs, and their results are valuable.

#### The Sugar Problem

The common articles of life become the concern of the League for various reasons. Sugar becomes an international problem because of the need of adjusting the amount produced to the amount consumed, and the question before the League is whether international action can help to solve the difficulties with which the sugar industry has to contend.

On fresh fruit, rice, and vegetables the League hopes to persuade countries to agree to reduce customs tariffs, so that prices may be lower.

Whales would certainly seem to have little connection with Geneva, yet the question of whaling was brought before the League some time ago by a society for safeguarding the natural riches of the sea, and full reports are to be presented this month. Since hand-thrown harpoons have been replaced by mechanical means of destruction whales are being killed at such an alarming rate that they are in danger of extermination. The League hopes to bring about regulations which will remedy this unnecessary loss in our supply of oil, whalebone, blubber, and so on.

#### Smuggling

Tales of smugglers are exciting enough in fiction but in real life the results of their nefarious trade are serious enough to cause many countries to determine to stop it. The smuggling of poisonous drugs will become more and more difficult now that the central Board of Control set up by the League is at work. The suppression of international smuggling of alcohol has now been added to the programme of the League's work at the express wish of a number of European countries.

The Financial Committee has had charge of the question of the issue of counterfeit coins and of the advisability of an international agreement. The banks are almost all in favour of this. Bad coins to the value of seven million pounds have been confiscated during the last three years as well as over half a million in forged notes.

#### FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE MAN

Mr. Strain, of the Lighthouse Literature Mission, Belfast, writes to say that in many of the lonely lighthouses a copy of My Magazine would be much valued by the lightkeeper's children.

If any C.N. reader will send to Mr. Strain the cost of the Magazine for a year he will see that a copy is regularly sent.

The Mission is also appealing for a wireless set for a very lonely Newfoundland lighthouse.

## NOW IS THE TIME

### A Chance for Voters

#### PLEASE REMEMBER THE BIRDS

The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has issued a poster calling attention to the protection the law gives to wild birds during the close season; that is, the period of nesting; and lists of the birds that must not be molested are being posted at the police-stations. So far this is good. But how short is the way it goes!

Who is to see that the law is carried out? The general answer given is the police, but it is most unreasonable to expect that the police can adequately see that this law is obeyed. A truer answer would be that the public, for the general good, should universally assist in the preservation of bird life.

#### No Easy Task

But if the public becomes sufficiently interested to do this good work it has no easy task, for the law itself is in a very muddled state. It is a system of laws that has accumulated bit by bit through the years. It differs in various counties, according to local knowledge or local prejudice. What is needed is one law for the whole country that can be applied everywhere and will have public knowledge and sympathy backing it.

Lord Grey has proposed that all bird-protecting Acts should be repealed and a simple, uniform Act should be passed which everybody could know to be in existence; but so far no Government has been resolute enough to pass such a sensible Act against an odd variety of oppositions that crop up here and there among people who have some personal interest to serve in keeping things as they are.

Now is the time. Will our women voters see to it, please?

## BRIAN TUNSTALL'S HOME

### A Hero of Flodden Field

There remain in England today only a few of those embattled palace-fortresses which rose in a warring land when Barons challenged their king and often played the savage autocrat to the countryside. It seems a grim irony to find one of these capitals of ancient terror in an auction catalogue.

Thurland Castle, frowning over the Lune Valley in Lancashire, has come under the hammer after more than five centuries of existence.

It was from Thurland Castle five hundred years ago that a warrior, taking his name of Tunstall from an adjoining village, rode to glory and knighthood on the field of Agincourt. It was from Thurland Castle, 416 years ago, that Brian Tunstall rode forth to death and immortality. He lives in our old Ballads; he lives in Scott. He it is whom the Earl of Surrey describes in Marmion as

With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight,  
Lord Dacre with his horsemen light  
Shall be in rearward of the fight.

The Lord Marmion of the famous poem never lived; he was a creation of the poet's brain; but Brian Tunstall did live, and did die at the Battle of Flodden, which the poem describes; and among the enemies he had helped to conquer there lay with him the King of Scotland, James the Fourth, two of his bishops, two mitred abbots, 25 Scottish Peers and five eldest sons of peers, and thousands of Scotland's bravest warriors.

It was another war, the war with Napoleon, that stirred Scott to write his poem. Many a day he rode, galloping over the hills, many a day he rode his war horse along the shore, turning the stirring theme into poetry which the English-speaking world has declaimed for a century.

## NATIONS CEMENT THEIR FRIENDSHIP

### Paris Honours a Polish Poet

Poetry makes the work akin, and the poet does more than many an astute diplomat toward promoting friendliness among nations.

Paris has lately been honouring the memory of the great Polish poet Mickiewicz, who spent so many years of exile in that city, by a monument splendidly situated in the Place de L'Alma. At the unveiling ceremony by the French Minister of Education there was a wonderful manifestation of friendship between France and Poland.

#### A Happy Thought

Several descendants of the poet, including his son M. Joseph Mickiewicz, were present, and the Polish delegation, led by the president of the Diet, was composed of many of Poland's most distinguished statesmen and scholars.

With the left arm raised in a gesture of courage and prophetic hope, the statue of Mickiewicz stands on the top of a column of gilded bronze surmounting a stone base with scenes from Poland's history.

It was a happy thought to raise this memorial at a time when the dreams of the poet are actually coming true and the oppression and tribulation of the country he loved so passionately are over, we hope, for ever.

## A RAFT IN TIME

### Thought That Saved a Life

A bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society has been given to Alban Dennis Callanon, who is a railway traffic inspector in India.

There were heavy rains (15 inches in 24 hours), and the floods wrecked a part of the Madras and Southern Mahratta Railway. A relief train was sent with a driver, two firemen, and three officials, but the bank collapsed, hurling engine and tender into the floods, so that those who came to rescue were in mortal danger themselves.

Two of the officials and one of the firemen were drowned. The driver and another fireman reached some trees, and were rescued next morning. Meanwhile the third official was calling for help and was near the end. Mr. Callanon heard the call from the other side of the river and jumped in, but he found the waters too strong for him. His resourcefulness was not exhausted, however, for he returned, wrenched off a railway carriage door, and swam across with it. With this raft he was able to save the drowning man.

## PEACE TO ALL

### The Children of Wales to the Children of the World

Every year the children of Wales send out from 2 L O a message of peace to the children of the world.

This year the message is to be sent out on May 18 in at least six languages—French, German, Spanish, Esperanto, Welsh, and English. This is this year's message.

We, boys and girls of Wales, from our mountains and valleys, our villages and towns, greet with a cheer the boys and girls of every country under the Sun.

Our hearts are thrilled by the wonderful response to our yearly message, and we cherish the many new links of friendship which we have formed.

Will you, millions of you, join with us today in thinking with gratitude of those men and women of every race and people who are working so hard to build a finer, better world?

Next year, in 1930, the League of Nations will celebrate its tenth birthday. Let us determine, here and now, to help it with all our power to go forward with its great task of peace on Earth and goodwill among men. *Picture on page 9*

## MONEY FOR BEAUTY

### An American's Love for Our Countryside

#### DOUBLING EVERY POUND YOU GIVE

Let us honour the name of Boies Penrose, for he has done a very generous thing to help a cause dear to the C.N.

He is an American, but he fell in love with the garden isle of England and came to live here. Lately he says he has seen England making the same mistakes in development which have gone far to spoil a great part of America. Ugly treeless roads are being made, with ugly petrol pumps, ugly bungalows and villas, and ugly power-stations scattered along them.

#### Ugly Buildings

There is no reason why every one of these things should not be pleasant to look at, instead of an eyesore. The Council for the Preservation of Rural England is working everywhere to prevent ugly things being built instead of comely things. Once they are built they are costly to remove.

Mr. Boies Penrose has such faith in the work of the C.P.R.E. that he has sent them a cheque for £1000, and has offered to double every pound subscribed in the next two months up to £10,000.

That news will rejoice every true patriot. We ought to love England, not only because she is ours, for that is no finer than a rat's love for his hole, but because she is beautiful; and we ought to be as ready to fight the ignorant Englishmen who would spoil her beauty as our young men were ready to die to keep invaders from treading her meadows.

#### Challenge to Englishmen

Every day new houses are being built and new roads planned. We must act at once if we are to save acres of loveliness from becoming sordid. When the view is spoiled or the Tudor cottage is pulled down it will be no use crying over spilled milk.

The C.P.R.E. will fight for us against the traitor who would spoil England to enrich himself, but it must have the sinews of war. It is to be hoped that Englishmen will accept the generous challenge of this good American who rates his joy in English beauty as high as eleven thousand pounds.

## THANKSGIVING

### A Wonderful Fund

Could there have been a more wonderful expression of the thankfulness of a nation than the remarkable success of the Thanksgiving Fund for the King's recovery?

£400,000 has been raised for the hospitals in one week.

That is an amazing tribute to the King by his people. The Fund began with a gift of £100,000 from a generous citizen who is unknown except by his name of Audax. We do not know who Audax is, but he has been received by the Prince of Wales, and by his name of Audax has appeared in the Court Circular. His gift is for King Edward's Hospital Fund, and it was added to in a week by public subscriptions amounting to about £50,000, so that the King Edward Hospital Fund benefited by about £150,000.

In addition to this, over £150,000 was raised for a National Radium Fund, which is to be at the service of the hospitals, and to this sum the Government has promised to contribute pound for pound up to £100,000. The Radium Fund, therefore, at the end of one week reached over £250,000, so that altogether the two Thanksgiving Funds passed in one week the £400,000 mark.

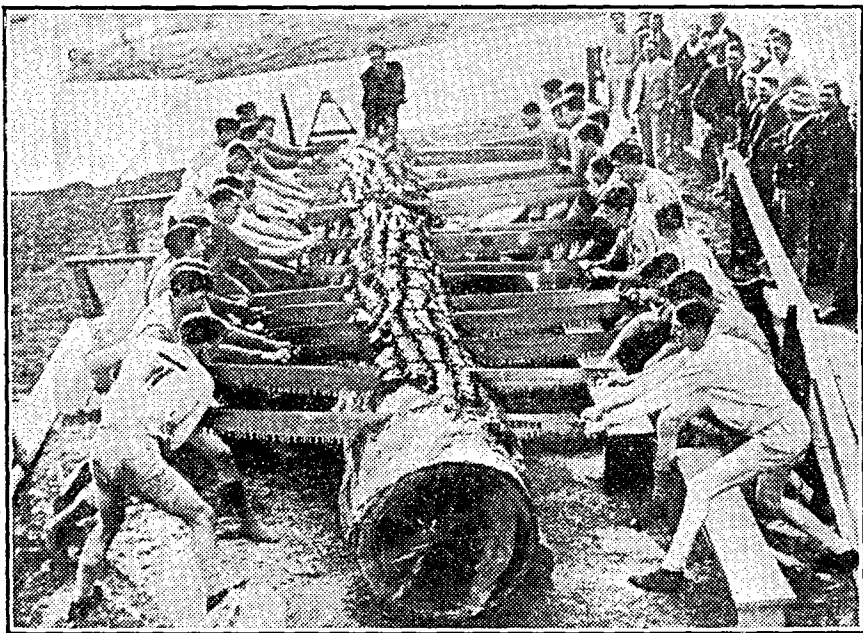


May 13, 1929

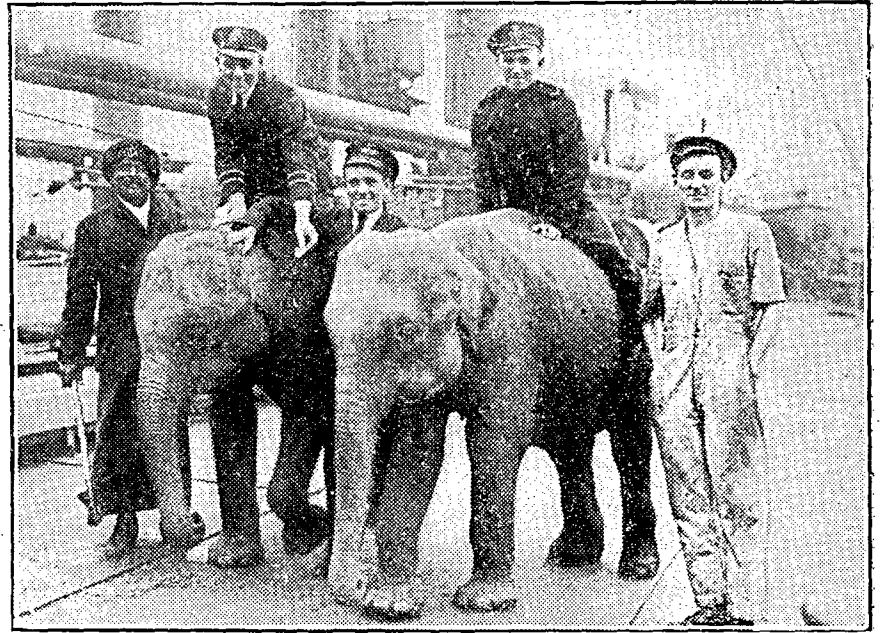
*The Children's Newspaper*

9

# NEW IDEA FOR OARSMEN • A THRILLING CLIMB • MODEL YACHT REGATTA



**Oarsmen Learn to Saw**—The rowing men of Washington University in America are here seen cutting up a log with cross-cut saws as part of their training in oarsmanship.



**Passengers From India**—Four baby elephants for a private zoo arrived in London from India the other day. Two of them are here seen on the ship with some of the crew.



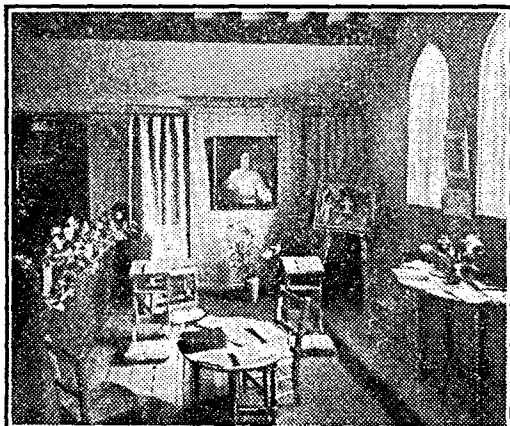
**Old Seaside Friends**—The donkeys are appearing on the seaside beaches again, ready for the summer. This picture shows a little boy at a holiday resort on the South Coast carefully choosing his mount.



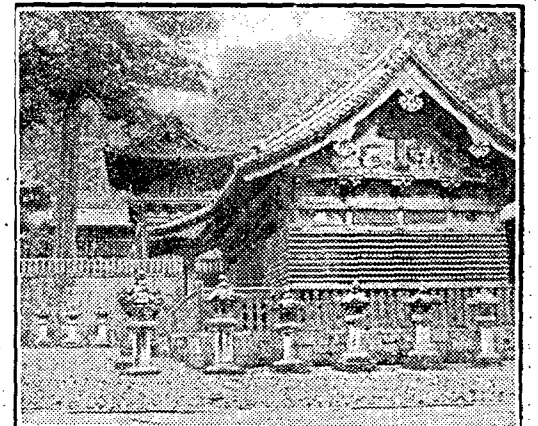
**A Thrilling Climb**—In this picture from the Peak District of Derbyshire a climber is seen clinging to the tip of a projecting rock. Although he appears to be in a perilous position the rope safeguards him against a fall.



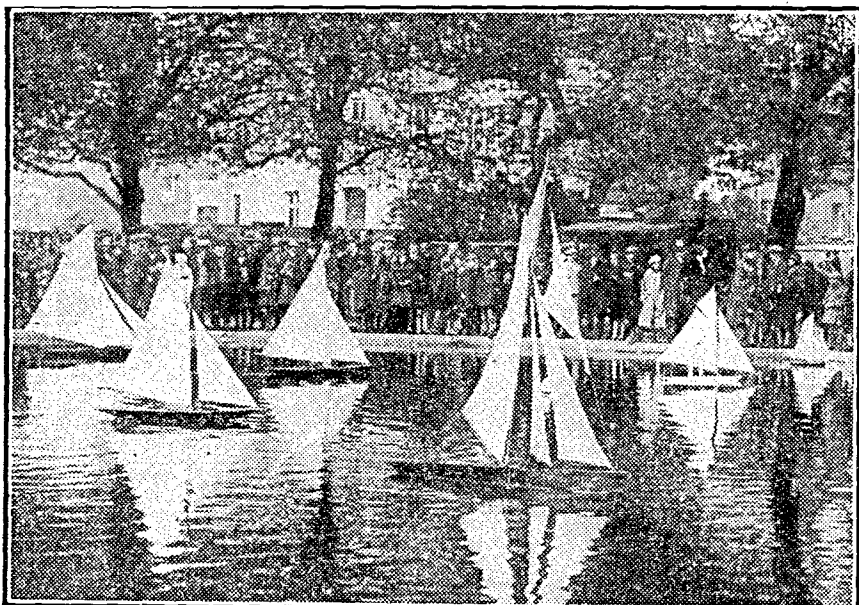
**Peace to All**—The annual message of peace from the children of Wales to the children of the world is to be broadcast this year in at least six languages. Here is the lady who will read it in Spanish. See page 8.



**The Children's Corner**—A little corner for children has just been dedicated in Christ Church, Cockfosters, Barnet. It is provided with books and pictures.



**Japan's Gift to France**—This temple at Nikko has been given to France by Japan. It will be taken down and re-erected in Paris as a centre for Japanese students.



**Regatta For Model Yachts**—At Clapton Common, London, a regatta for model yachts was held the other day. Here we see one of the races in progress, watched by an interested crowd.



**The Chief Scout's Footprint**—A Kent Scout filling with water the footprint of the Chief Scout which has been fixed in bronze in a Budapest park. It is used as a bird bath. See page 10.



## LIFE IN KENT'S VILLAGES

### PULLING IT TOGETHER

#### An Excellent Example in Organising the Countryside WHAT A RURAL COMMUNITY COUNCIL DOES

To everyone who is interested in the wise organising of the life of rural districts the C.N. recommends a six-penny report of the last year's work of the Kent Rural Community Council, published from its headquarters at 38, Earl Street, Maidstone.

In a considerable number of counties excellent work has been done in recent years to brighten village life, create a united public spirit, and bring within reach of all advantages equal to those available in towns; but there are still counties that do not seem to realise what is going on outside their borders. As every citizen ought to know if his county is asleep or awake, it is convenient to have a standard to judge by, and this report furnishes one.

#### Aims of the Council

A glance at it shows that there are nearly fifty bodies concerned in the educational, social, physical, industrial, and recreative welfare of rural communities. Obviously the work of some of these organisations will overlap. There may be rivalry where there should be cooperation, or isolated action where there should be unison. A county Rural Community Council like this in Kent aims at being a general Clearing House of ideas and efforts, where all concentrate on a series of purposes in common. It asks every sympathetic society to send a representative member to the council, and it appoints individual helpers who are known to be expert in some line of public activity.

#### Official and Private Enterprises

Founded in the first instance financially by the Carnegie Trust, the Kent Community Council aims at linking the official work of the County Council and the Education Committee with the many forms of public work started voluntarily, and making the unofficial supplementary to the official. It seeks to coordinate official and private enterprises for the general good. This unison between local authority and unofficial public spirit makes the Community Council an amazingly representative body, the most representative in existence probably.

Let us glance at the work in which the Kent Council is helping.

The Public Health Committee of the Kent County Council is officially responsible for the public arrangements for grappling with disease, but voluntary cooperation can give substantial help. The fight with tuberculosis is an instance. The county has 22 tuberculosis dispensaries, and last year it discharged 863 patients from its sanatorium and similar institutions. The After Care of these patients is of great importance, and the Community Council's Health Committee has been adopted as the County After Care Committee.

#### Talks on Health

Other health work by the Community Council is the arranging in the villages of Talks on health and domestic hygiene. Then 67 Maternity and Child Welfare Centres have been established, and others have been adopted or taken over by the County Council.

The work of the council in stimulating interest in music has taken the form of 143 village concerts, attended by 19,800 people; by talks on music; and by experimental schools in the art of conducting.

In the organisation of sports the Council has had conspicuous success. Nearly 200 cricket clubs sent representatives to a meeting for arranging matches. Not only has it helped to administer

## OLD STEPAN

### Serbia Loses a Hero

#### THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO BE BEATEN

Visitors to Belgrade used to see a short, stocky old man sitting all alone on a seat in one of the parks. He would sit like a statue, lost in thought, but if a stranger sat down by him the old man would glare angrily at him and forthwith march away.

Only foreigners would dream of sitting on that particular seat in that lonely corner of the park. Serbians all knew it was the favourite seat of their beloved Stepan Stepanovitch, and they left him alone. He liked to be left alone, and when people kept badgering him to become Prime Minister he went away to the provincial town of Tchatshak, where he has just died at 72.

#### Matchless Courage

Stepanovitch was a national hero to the Serbians, as the Iron Duke was to the English. In the Balkan Wars and the Great War he fought for the freedom of his little country with matchless courage and wisdom. Often he rallied the half-defeated Serbian troops and led them to victory against far greater numbers. When everyone despaired he refused to be beaten, and at last came fulfilment. Serbia can never forget the recapture of Belgrade and the withdrawal of the Austro-Hungarian invaders: she remembers Stepanovitch as one of her great liberators.

But the voyvoda (or marshal) was beloved for something besides his wisdom in command. Never has an officer cared more for his soldiers. It is said he often mingled with the troops wearing a private's uniform so that he might learn their true needs and troubles. He treated each one as a child of his own, and the welfare of the private soldier was his first consideration.

With his officers he was reserved and severe, so that they respected and feared him. The kindest smile of the old blue eyes in that wrinkled, ruddy face was for the humble, and the humble people loved him without fear. Their love and the freedom of Serbia rewarded him for a life of hardship, danger, and difficulty.

Continued from the previous column

the county by-laws respecting waste-paper, refuse, and unsightly advertisements, but the council has taken distinct experimental steps in a group of villages in disposing of unburnable rubbish. Its aim has been to collect and dispose of the old tins, jars, and similar unsightly refuse without any charge on the rates. With the help of the Women's Institutes in arousing public attention a system of collection has been worked out which has reduced the cost to very small dimensions.

The council has persevered with increasing success in attempts to improve the outlook of local craftsmen—smiths, wheelwrights, saddlers, and so on. The membership of the Kent Rural Industries Cooperative Society has increased from 96 to 146, and at the last exhibition of work 400 specimens were shown. Members have been helped in obtaining plant and machinery. It is believed that the proofs given of expert craftsmanship in the villages will tend to keep the trade and the men there.

The council holds an annual county Conference on Village Life. It promotes the establishment of Village Community Councils and 21 had been formed up to last September. It gives frequent help by advice in the building of village halls; has a Coal Mines Committee and a Hope Gardens Committee; encourages the preparation of village histories; and held in the course of the year a County Fair, which produced £584 in support of its After Care tuberculosis work.

Is there not here an array of voluntary organising activities for the bettering of rural conditions which may well act as a challenge to some inert counties?

## A COMMISSIONER'S LETTERS TO GUIDES

### What Really Counts

A few weeks ago an American reporter went to interview Lindbergh, the young Atlantic flier, hoping to obtain from him some ideas on life in general.

"What really counts in the world?" the reporter asked. "Is it fame, or influence, or money?"

"I don't believe that money alone can ever bring satisfaction to anybody," Lindbergh replied. "I don't agree that money is the big thing. Character, sir, is what counts. You see that precious little plane of mine out yonder? She is built right. She will be there ready for me tomorrow morning, and the next morning, and right on. I know, because I know every rivet in her. She has character. And I often think that I must be as true as that motor. Character is what counts, I tell you."

And is not character what all countries and all Guides need?

#### Seen From the Air

"I have seen many large cities from the air," Lindbergh went on. "I have looked at great factories and buildings and great churches and great rivers, and great forests, and I love them. But more than the houses and the railroads and the rivers and the trees are the people, the boys and the girls. They will determine whether our big stores and factories and railroads and ships are worth anything."

Now if you look at almost the first sentence in the Girl Guide Book of Rules you will find that the Girl Guide movement has been incorporated for the purpose of developing good citizenship among girls by forming their character.

We are all, therefore, if we are taking tight hold of the Guide training, on the road to what really counts.

By character we mean the sum of those qualities of courage, energy, thoroughness, and truth which are given to some in greater measure than others, but which we must all do our utmost to increase in ourselves if we wish to do and to be the best that is possible for us.

#### The Making of Good Citizens

Courage in attacking difficulties, energy to overcome them, thoroughness to do our best with each thing we undertake, and, through all, the habit of accurate thinking as well as that of right speaking and dealing. All these are specially needed if we are to become good citizens. Guiding is an adventure in living, and good citizenship is not merely reading books about the government of our own and other countries; it is work well and finely done.

Above all, do not be too much afraid of making mistakes. We can all be certain we shall make mistakes, but unless we are unteachable we shall not make the same mistakes too often. The chief sources of mistakes are ignorance and carelessness. One of the saddest things that could happen would be to be asked to help somebody and have to say: "I don't know how." Make up your mind, therefore, to Be Prepared in as many ways as possible; whatever you undertake is worthy of the best attention you can give it.

#### A Great Trust

Before we were enrolled we were asked: "Do you know what your honour means?" The answer we made to that question was: "Yes; it means that I can be trusted." Speaking to a big gathering of the boys and girls of this country not very long ago the Prime Minister said: "Your trust is not for England alone, not for the Empire alone, and therein lies your responsibility. It is a trust for helping hundreds of millions of human beings to walk in and follow the path which we believe leads to the greatest happiness for the peoples of the world."

Let us not betray that trust, but set to and build up Character.

## THE CHIEF SCOUT'S FOOTPRINT

### Fixed for Ever in Hungary ONE MORE TOUCH OF KINDNESS

The good the Chief Scout has done will probably never be known, but perhaps even Sir Robert Baden-Powell does not know what we are going to say here.

As we reported at the time, the Chief Scout left his footprint in a beautiful park in Budapest last year, and a plastic cast of the print was taken.

The footprint has now been cast in bronze, and it stands permanently on the spot where it was taken from the original. The place is in Harshegy Park.

The idea of the Chief Scout's footprint is one that has caught the imagination of the Hungarian Scouts, but there is more than sentiment in the footprint in Harshegy Park, for it is used as a bird-bath and drinking-trough. It is usual for every visitor to spill a spoonful of water into the footprint, wooden spoons being provided by Scouts, so that this unique drinking-trough is very rarely empty.

A few weeks ago a jolly party of Kent Scouts travelling in Hungary (from whom we have heard of their great enjoyment) called to salute the footprint of their Chief, and we show a photograph on page 9 of the youngest of them renewing supplies for the birds.

Footprints of great men remind us, as Longfellow said, that we can make our lives sublime, and this footprint of the Chief Scout reminds all travellers who pass that way that we can all be kind to our little dumb friends in the vast Brotherhood of Life.

## 100 YEARS OF LIFE

### What Mrs. Pennington Remembered

The world has lost a very interesting old lady in Mrs. Frederick Pennington, who has passed away in London after a hundred years of a very rich life.

She well remembered, as a child in the vicarage at Doncaster, one of fourteen children, the excitement caused by her brother smuggling himself into the choir at Westminster Abbey to see the coronation of Queen Victoria, and she grew up to count among her friends famous people like Bright and Cobden and Gladstone.

In the early days of the movement for women's votes she spoke so eloquently that her husband extracted from her a promise never to do it again. She played tennis long before Wimbledon began, and she and her husband were among the first motorists, their car being number A 20.

One of her amusements was to keep a full record of her family, and when she last counted them there were living nearly five hundred direct descendants of her own and her husband's parents.

## SAVING A CAT

There is something specially fine about the story of how Edward Taylor, a Sheffield youth, rescued a cat from a building 75 feet high.

We know that cats can go almost anywhere, and it must have been a very awkward place indeed that baffled pussy. Young Taylor has a partly-withered right arm, but in spite of his disability he tackled the difficult climb and rescued the frightened cat from the roof, not without risk to himself.

The Lord Mayor of Sheffield was glad to give him the R.S.P.C.A. medal and a wallet of money.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Abitibi . . . . . Ah-be-tib-e  
Enkhuizen . . . . . Enk-hoy-zen  
Icarus . . . . . Ik-ah-rus  
Mickiewicz . . . . . Mits-kya-vich

The proper pronunciation of Maori, which was not given clearly the other day, is to make it rhyme with cowrie.



## THE RINGED PLANET APPROACH OF SATURN A World 760 Times the Size of the Earth GREAT CANOPY OF CLOUD

By the C.N. Astronomer

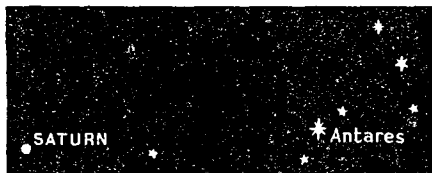
Saturn's wonderful world may now be seen late in the evening very low down in the south-east sky.

As he does not rise until about half-past ten he is not likely to be seen much before eleven o'clock; but each week he rises half an hour earlier, and so before long he will be much higher in the sky and quite easy to find.

The star-map will enable the planet to be identified with certainty, for the bright, rosy-tinted Antares is in that region and might easily be mistaken for Saturn. The planet, however, appears a good way to the south-east of the star and is not at all reddish, and brighter. The star-map covers a wide stretch of sky as large as the Plough.

By Saturday evening, May 25, the Moon will be not far from Saturn, being to the left of, and below, the planet.

This year Saturn is again very bright, because his magnificent Ring



The position of Saturn relative to Antares and the stars of Scorpio

System still remains open, almost at its widest. This adds greatly to the apparent brightness of Saturn as seen with the naked eye, about two-thirds of his light coming from his Rings.

He is about 854 million miles away and will be coming closer until the middle of June, when he will be at his nearest for this year.

Viewed through a telescope it will be seen that we are looking down on the north or upper side of Saturn's Rings; the colossal globe of the planet (a world about 760 times the size of the Earth) appearing to float in their midst. With eight of his nine, or ten, moons besprinkling the heavens round about, Saturn's system makes a picture of unexampled loveliness; and when we consider its immensity and perfect poise it becomes really marvellous.

And yet what is it all for? Are any beings there able to enjoy it? We who are here can, but it is highly improbable that anyone on Saturn would know anything of the marvels of his Rings or his retinue of moons or, indeed, of the heavens at all, because the solid surface of Saturn, if such exists, lies many hundreds of miles beneath the dense canopy of cloud that appears to envelop the entire sphere.

### Heat Beneath the Cloud

Even the Sun, whose light, reflected from Saturn, makes known to us the glories of his System, is probably never visible from the solid surface of the planet. Yet the sunlight casts shadows which can be clearly seen from the Earth; so, as Saturn rotates at immense speed in about 10½ hours, we learn that each short night of but five hours or so must be followed by a short and very gloomy day beneath that cloud canopy, taking into account the fact that the Sun appears only one-ninth the width he appears to us.

Now tests have shown that Saturn, even at the top or surface of this canopy of cloud, radiates many degrees more heat than could be accounted for by reflected heat from the Sun; so how great must be the heat beneath that cloud canopy which to us appears so serene and beautiful!

G. F. M.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

**What is the Meaning of Dail Eireann?**

This is the Gaelic name for Irish Assembly, the Parliament of the Irish Free State.

**What is a Megrim?**

This is another name for the scald-fish whose scientific name is *Rhombus arnoglossus*.

**What is the Deepest Depth of Ocean Known?**

A spot in the Pacific Ocean south-west of Japan near Guam, sounded in 1924, gave 32,636 feet.

**Who Was the Original of John Gilpin?**

The original of the central character in William Cowper's humorous poem was a Mr. Beyer of Paternoster Row, who died in 1791.

**Which are the Home Counties?**

Those round London: Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, Essex, Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Berkshire.

**Why is it That We See Only One Side of the Moon's Surface?**

Because the Moon takes exactly the same time to make a complete turn on its axis, namely, 27½ days, as it takes to make a complete revolution round the Earth.

**What is a Light-Year?**

This is the term used by scientists for the distance travelled by light in a year, namely, 5,876,068,880,000 miles, and is used in measuring the immense distances of astronomy, such as star distances, and so on.

**What is the History of the Colosseum at Rome?**

It was an amphitheatre begun by Vespasian in 72 A.D., and was for 400 years the scene of gladiatorial and other shows. It is said to have been named from the colossal statue of Nero which was erected near it in the Via Sacra.

**What Does the Curious Letter With a Bird on it on Punch's Cover Mean?**

The small letter in the bottom left-hand corner of the front cover of Punch is a D, which stands for Doyle, its designer. The bird on top stands for Dicky. Richard Doyle the artist was known to his friends as Dicky Doyle.

**Why Do We See Stars When We Get a Blow Near the Eyes?**

The blow, if severe, affects the nerves of the eye, and as these particular nerves can give only a sensation of sight they send a message to the brain as though we had seen light, which we sometimes fancy to be in the form of stars.

**What Weight of Earth Comes From Holes 34 ft. x 18 ft. x 18 ins. and 34 ft. x 4 ft. x 28 ins.?**

The cubic contents of the hole 34 ft. by 18 ft. by 18 ins. is 918 cubic feet, and of the hole 34 ft. by 4 ft. by 28 ins. 313 cubic feet. Taking dry loose loam at an average weight of 76 pounds a cubic foot, the earth removed from the two holes was 31 tons and 10½ tons.

**Why is Oil Used in the Coronation of Kings?**

In Christian coronations the practice is borrowed from the Hebrew custom as described in the Old Testament, and the Hebrews probably borrowed it from the Egyptians. Oil among the ancients had a religious and symbolic meaning, but how it acquired this is not known. It was an important item of health and diet.

**What is the Temperature of the Sea?**

The temperature of the surface water decreases from the Equator to the Poles, varying from 80 degrees Fahr. to 28 degrees. At 600 feet deep it is 60.7 degrees, at 1200 feet 50 degrees, at 3000 feet 40.1 degrees, at 6000 feet 36.5 degrees, and at 13,200 feet 35.2 degrees.

**How Salt is the Sea?**

It varies greatly in different areas and at different depths. In most cases the salinity is about equal to 35 parts salt to 1000 water, but in seas like the Mediterranean and Red Sea, where the water removed by evaporation is far greater than the supply of fresh water from rivers, the salinity rises to 38 a thousand. On the other hand, for hundreds of miles round the mouth of a vast river like the Amazon the salinity is less than normal.

**What is the Food Value of the Banana?**

In its fresh state the banana contains a fair quantity of carbohydrate and some proteid, but it is too bulky to serve as the main constituent of a diet. It would be necessary to eat eighty bananas a day to get sufficient energy and nearly double that number to obtain enough proteid for normal human needs. Dried banana flour contains rather more carbohydrates than wheat flour, and about half the fat and proteid.

## THE B.Sc. IN THE KITCHEN

### The Cook Who Knows Many Things

#### A NEGRO'S ACHIEVEMENT

Mr. E. W. Smith, the distinguished authority on Africa, was recently visiting America and while there spent some time in the Southern States, where there is a very large Negro population, the descendants of the slaves of former generations. One evening at dinner, a delightful meal in every way, beautifully cooked and served, Mr. Smith's hostess told him that her cook was a B.Sc. and a Negro! After the meal was over the lady introduced her guest and her cook to one another, and left them together in the library for a chat.

The cook was a jet-black Negro of about 25; his grandparents had been slaves. When a lad of twelve or thirteen he attracted the attention of Dr. Aggrey, the Negro educator, for he was a keen lad and could pick more cotton in a day than any other boy in the district. Dr. Aggrey got him into a school, and, as the parents were too poor to pay any fees, Aggrey introduced him to a lady interested in the education of Negro boys.

#### How the Degree Was Won

She engaged him as a house boy, and so arranged his duties that he could spend the necessary time in school.

He did so well at school and in the kitchen that she promoted him to the position of cook, still allowing him time to continue his studies and even to attend the college in the city. By getting up early and by using every moment of his time he ultimately took his degree of Bachelor of Science.

After graduating he had two ambitions: one was to serve his own people and the other to go on with his studies and obtain an even higher degree. A position was obtained for him as teacher in a Negro school about ten miles out of the city, and with his own savings and the help of his mistress he bought a motor-car to take him to and from the school every day, and thus became a teacher while still remaining a cook.

#### Earning and Saving

Rising early every morning, he attended to his duties in the house, then motored out to his school, and after a day's teaching returned in the late afternoon for further household duties and to cook the dinner in the evening.

In this way he was earning and saving money to pay his way while working for a higher degree. He hopes to manage it in two or three years.

This story does credit both to the Negro cook for his courage and determination and to the lady of the house for her personal interest and generous encouragement.

#### ALL RELIGIONS AGAINST WAR

The Church Peace Union, a Carnegie Foundation, has just published from 41, Parliament Street, London, a 2s. book called *The World's Religions Against War* which reports a meeting held at Geneva last September and referred to at that time in the C.N.

At that meeting 191 men and women, representing many forms of Christianity and the other chief religions, agreed in a preliminary way to organise in 1930 a Universal Religious Peace Conference. Their speeches appear in this book.

The aims at the conference will be to state the highest teaching of each religion on peace; to record what religions are doing for peace; to find means by which all religions may work together for peace; and to promote concerted action against the spirit of violence and whatever makes for strife.

Dr. Nansen, Mr. Wickham Steed, and Sir Francis Younghusband are warm supporters of the Union.



## Full of Life & Energy

MERRY and happy—full of energy and romping fun—every father and mother delights in this evidence of glorious health.

The energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending have to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. The children are growing—physically and mentally—and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

During the growing years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. Children need "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage, for this delicious food beverage supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

"Ovaltine" is prepared from the richest of Nature's tonic foods—malt, milk and eggs. It contains a superabundance of the nutritive elements which build up brain and body and create energy and vitality.

Make "Ovaltine" your children's daily beverage. Note their increased energy and vitality, and see on their cheeks the glow which comes only from the enjoyment of perfect health.

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## Forward the Health Brigade!

You shouldn't wait to be told to wash. It's up to you. Besides, Mother always keeps Lifebuoy handy. And Lifebuoy is such a manly soap. Dad uses it himself.

Why do you think he prefers Lifebuoy? It's because there are harmful microbes lurking wherever there is dirt. You can't defend yourself against them alone—but there is always Lifebuoy to help you. Lifebuoy deals instantly with all germs and impurities. It's always working to protect you from danger—always ready to wage war against the enemies of health—for your sake and dad's.

# Lifebuoy Soap

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The Little Folks Pine Martens Club is for Boys and Girls who love the open air and who can keep their eyes open. You can become a member today. Every member receives a Badge actually in Colours. Full particulars of how to get one of these and join the club will be found in the May issue of

# LITTLE FOLKS

Buy a copy Today, 2d.

## Yarns of a Great Sea Captain

### BOB BARTLETT TELLS HIS STORY

#### The Gallant Man Who Should Have Stood at the North Pole With Peary

### THRILLING LOG BOOK OF A BRAVE SEAMAN

We hear that Captain Robert Bartlett (Bob Bartlett as everybody knows him) is thinking of trying to drift across the North Pole in an ice-proof ship of oak next winter.

It sounds like a dream, but we shall see. We are interested in the news because we have been reading this great explorer's book.

Captain Bob Bartlett has written his life-story. So many other Bartletts have been captains of Newfoundland fishing-vessels that this one is always called Captain Bob.

He was master of Peary's ship when that explorer went to the North Pole in 1909. He should have gone on with Peary, but had the unspeakable bitterness of being left behind, a fate he has suffered heroically and uncomplainingly.

#### Robbed of a Record

This is what Captain Bartlett says about the matter in his book; it is a brave reference to a trying situation.

On the first of April I left the igloo at five in the morning. It was cold, and a sharp wind nipped me. A white, uneven desert surrounded the spot on which I stood. I wanted to pass the 88th parallel. In fact, Peary had urged me to; his feeling was that he wanted me to go as far North as possible.

I mention this because people think I ought to have kept on with Peary to the Pole. The American public has held it against Peary for not taking me. They say he should have taken me instead of Henson. I suppose if he had I could later have made a lot of money out of lectures; and I don't deny it would have been a great thrill to have stood at the peak of our globe. But don't forget that Henson was a better dog driver than I. So I think Peary's reasoning was sound; and I have never held it against him.

I walked more than five miles beyond the camp; but when I came back the observation I had taken showed us 87° 47'. The drift of the ice to the South had robbed me of my record. It was a tough blow to my pride, but made no real difference.

It is years since we read a more entertaining volume than Bob Bartlett's Log Book, which is published by Putnams at 15s. It is frank and human and interesting on every page; take it down from your shelves and you are on the high seas with one of the breeziest men alive. No honest sailor ever sailed the sea; no better fellow has ever written a book.

#### The World's Worst Cargo

Captain Bob has all sorts of things to tell us. For instance, he says that bananas are the worst cargo in the world. The captain whose ship carries bananas wears a haunted look and his temper becomes abominable. A stranger would think he had committed a crime like Eugene Aram's and lived in hourly fear of discovery.

Bananas are shipped green, when they are hard and easy to handle. On the voyage ventilators are trimmed and thermometers are watched so that the fruit shall incubate slowly and be just ripe when its destination is reached. But if the ship is delayed by storms or accidents then the bananas will ripen too fast. Captain Bob tells how once head winds delayed him on a voyage between Jamaica and New York, and soon the ship reeked of rotting fruits. The whole cargo had to be jettisoned, and it took ten hours to get the squashy black pulp overboard. You cannot put a hook into the mess, or pour it into anything, and it is the most horrible thing in the world to handle.

After that Captain Bob carried coal. He says coal is more intimate than bananas; you do not find bananas in your coffee! Then he went sealing,

and afterwards he navigated ships for many Polar expeditions.

He tells us quite simply why Peary was the first man to reach the North Pole. The explorer had spent nearly 25 years in preparation and study of Polar conditions. Again and again he failed, but he turned each failure to account. He was always desperately hard up, but he continued to work and beg and hope, till at last he succeeded, through sheer patience.

#### Peary and the Eskimos

One other factor in his success was the loyalty of his Eskimo helpers, and he well-deserved it. Once he had a journey of 200 miles to make to the ship. He was marching in a blizzard, two Eskimos in front and two behind. Presently he found that the two behind had disappeared. Instead of keeping on, he went back and found them huddled in a snowdrift, ready to die. Peary put heart into them, and persuaded them to make a fresh effort.

At last he brought them in, but the delay made him a cripple for weeks. His legs were frozen to the knee, his feet became gangrenous, and the surgeon was obliged to amputate all his toes. He knew well enough he might not have reached the ship in time, but he would not give up the Eskimos, though they had given up themselves.

#### Ship That Disappeared

Captain Bob did not lose any fingers or toes in the Arctic, but he did lose a ship. She was cracked like a walnut-shell in the ice. The captain got the provisions and men on to the ice, and remained with her till the last minute. When she went down into the icy waters a gramophone was playing Chopin's Funeral March in her cabin. That was only one of the 12 times he has been shipwrecked, yet he says a sailor's life is the best in the world.

One of the things we like best is Bartlett's tribute to his mother. This is it:

*Mother can knit, sew, do fancy work, nurse; run a store, a ship, a church, a school, a farm, a garden, or a political meeting. She is loved by everyone.*

We also like this little bit of Bob Bartlett's philosophy. "I am a teetotaler and always have been. I expect to be buried as a teetotaler. I would not mind if they put it on my grave-stone."

The sea is made of mothers' tears, says a Newfoundland proverb. Captain Bob tells how, as a boy, he went down to see the schooner Treasurer sail out of Brigus. The sons of the mate and skipper were his playmates. It was in 1890, and no news of that ship has ever been heard from that day to this.

#### Mysteries of the Sea

He tells of a Norwegian sealer, the Isstjernen, found drifting and deserted off the coast of Newfoundland without a soul on board. It seemed as great a mystery as the case of the Marie Celeste till, two years later, a dying German sailor confessed the truth. A smuggling gang had tried to deal with the Isstjernen, and when the Norwegians refused there was a fight in which they were overpowered and flung into the sea.

Yet another ship was found deserted, with all sails set and a fire burning in the galley. There were signs of excitement, such as an overturned bowl of soup and a pair of broken rulers.

The Log of Bob Bartlett is a book full of the hardships, cruelties, and mysteries of the sea, yet it is full of the love of the sea too.



## THE NEW SORT OF GUIDE

### What Do You Want to Know About Her Country?

#### L.N.E.R. AID TO TRAVELLERS

Mlle. de Waal has arrived in London and will be pleased to give people information about her country, Holland.

This, or something like it, was the startling information in a railway advertisement in an evening paper. A picture of the Dutch lady in her pretty native costume appeared in last week's C.N. We hope that after a chat with her many people have run over to see the glowing tulips of the Netherlands. We congratulate the author of this clever idea, which is, we believe, the L.N.E.R.

Just think of the convenience of being able to see a Dutchwoman in person, to be able to ask her all the little questions one longs to put to the clerk at the tourist office, who, however obliging he is, has probably never been over the ground himself.

#### Questions That Are Asked

"Where shall I see the very longest stretch of blooms? The oldest windmill? The most characteristic life of Holland today? Where can I find a real Dutch lodging which will show me how Dutch folk live? I want to know what they have for lunch, not in restaurants, but behind these big stately windows. What about a canal trip, and a peep at the Holland which is usually quite empty of visitors, where the deliberate Dutchman hammers in piles of wood to make a safe foundation among the watery earth to raise his new cottage? And oh, would that cottage have a blue-tiled stove?"

Such are some of the questions which rise to the mind, but what different questions the lady must have been asked!

If Mlle. de Waal can come on so gracious and useful an errand, could we not have an Yvonne from Paris, a Gretchen from Germany, a Wilma from Poland, not to speak of a Jean from Scotland, a Gwen from Wales, a Patricia from the Emerald Isle?

#### London Please Copy

But better, perhaps, than any of these would be a band of bright and experienced Londoners prepared to lead visitors from everywhere (including our own provinces) to all the sights these people crave to see.

These New Guides should be well read, cultured folk, lovers of London, having their own secret knowledge of the city, so that they could show strangers things not generally shown, such as—shall we say?—the view from the Whitestone Pond over Hampstead Heath at day-break on a summer day, the workers on the great London newspapers arriving at night to attend to the roaring presses, or the wonderful weekly book sales in Chancery Lane?

## THE TRIBE SPIRIT

### Taking Another Man's Punishment

There are tribes in India who are all thieves, thieves by birth and inheritance, just as in England whole communities are fishermen or spinners generation after generation. But even a criminal tribe has good points.

In a book on the Kuravers, whom he calls the Land Pirates of India, Mr. W. J. Hatch says that the Kuraver will often plead guilty to a crime he has not committed, and will go to prison to save the leader of the gang. This is not done out of affection, but because the leader is a cleverer man and therefore more valuable to the tribe than the member who takes his punishment.

The Kuraver is ever ready to sacrifice himself for the common good. What a pity his common good is bad!

## HOW MOTORISTS KILL THEMSELVES

### A Missed Point in the Road Deaths Return

The broad facts that in Great Britain last year there were 147,582 street accidents in which 6138 people were killed and 164,838 persons injured have been widely published.

It is indeed a terrible record, showing a great advance in both killed and injured. Everybody agrees that when we have reached a point at which 170,976 persons were killed or wounded in a year on our roads it is high time the Government bestirred itself to make roads safer.

One of the most significant parts of the official accidents return is that which shows how many of the killed and wounded were actually driving, or passengers in, the vehicles involved in the accidents.

If first of all we look at the analysis of the 6138 persons killed, we find the following facts.

#### The 6138 Killed

On vehicles causing accidents ..	1964
On other vehicles involved ..	919

Motorists killed .. .. .	2883
Pedestrians killed .. .. .	3255

Total killed .. .. .	6138
----------------------	------

We see that 2883 of those killed were motorists, the balance of 3255 being pedestrians. When we reflect that motorists are much fewer than pedestrians we see how true it is that motorists are killing themselves at a very rapid rate. Now let us turn to the injured.

#### The 164,838 Injured

On vehicles causing accidents..	61,975
On other vehicles involved ..	33,721

Motorists injured .. .. .	95,696
Pedestrians injured .. .. .	69,142

Total injured .. .. .	164,838
-----------------------	---------

Here we get the astonishing fact revealed that, so far as the wounded are concerned, the pedestrians fare much better than the motorists. Out of a grand total of 164,838 injured, the motorists injured were 95,696, while the pedestrians injured were 69,142.

Yet we are told that it is the carelessness of the pedestrians which causes street accidents.

It is true that the carelessness of pedestrians is a great cause of accidents, but it is clear from the official returns that motorists are largely engaged in killing and wounding each other, and are indeed themselves the chief sufferers from, as well as the chief cause of, the enormous number of accidents which occur on our roads.

## NUMBER 2000

### 77 Volumes of Peace

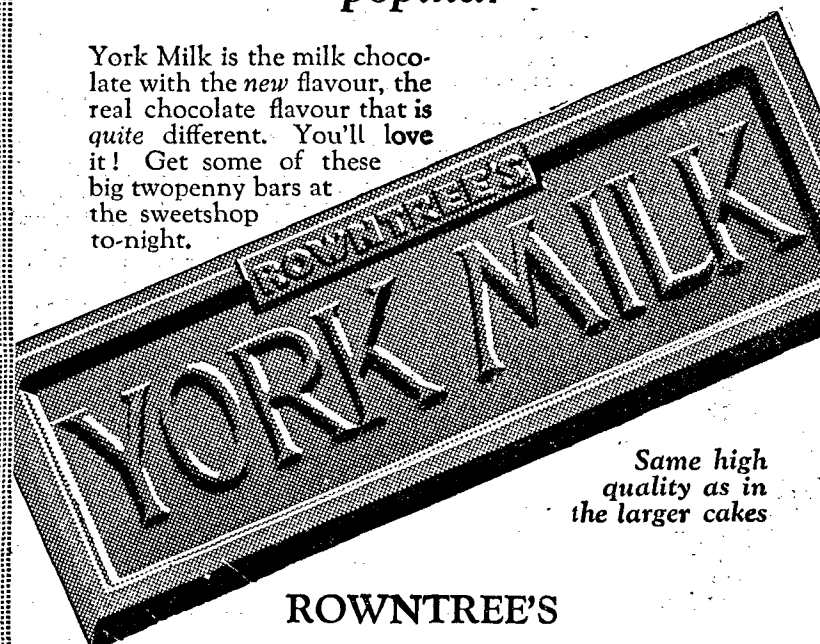
By Our League Correspondent

Two thousand treaties have not been placed in the safe keeping of the League of Nations, representing two thousand efforts between countries to bring peace and order into the relations of all peoples, and to improve the conditions in which people live and work.

These international agreements are published for all the world to read, and they now fill as many as 77 volumes. The 2000th is an agreement on frontier traffic between Austria and Czechoslovakia, one which we may hope will contribute toward lessening the many dangers which always seem to lurk on the border-lines between some countries and are liable to lead to such disastrous results in the world at large.

It's the  
flavour FLAVOUR FLAVOUR  
that has made these bars so  
popular

York Milk is the milk chocolate with the new flavour, the real chocolate flavour that is quite different. You'll love it! Get some of these big twopenny bars at the sweetshop to-night.



Same high  
quality as in  
the larger cakes

ROWNTREE'S

YORK MILK  
2D BAR



*Liberty*  
Bodice

(Knitted Fabric)

SHE'S as vigorous as her school-boy brothers—and as hard on clothes, Mother says.

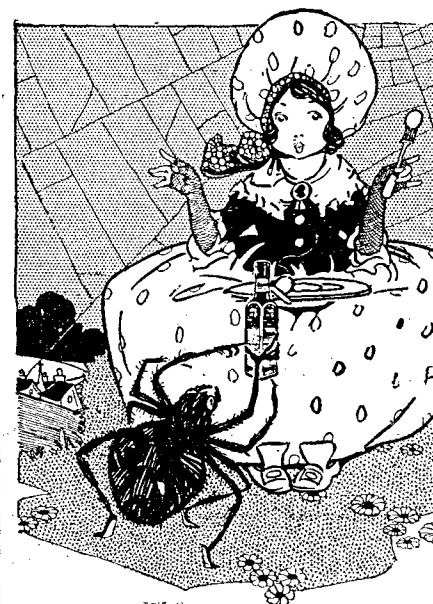
BUT the "Liberty" was made for her. It fits so snugly, gives correct support, yet leaves her eager figure free.

THE soft, knitted fabric expands for breathing and exercise. Porous—it graduates cooling after heated games.

AND the "Liberty" washes and wears so splendidly that it outlasts many cheaper garments

FREE GIFT.—Send us two paper coupons from recently purchased "Liberty" Bodices, with name and address of a friend not a "Liberty" Bodice wearer, and receive a charming skipping rope with bells. Dept. 56, Libertyland, Market Harborough.

★Ask your draper to show you the "Liberty" Bodice Combie. It has all the qualities of its famous twin, and it is expressly designed for those who prefer the perfect combination.



Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet  
Eating her dinner one day  
There came a big spider  
And sat down beside her  
And this he was heard  
to say—  
"It seems to me  
A little H.P.  
Would help it along its  
way."

Ask your Grocer for H.P.—the nicest  
Sauce of any.

## CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.  
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium, or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.





# THE SECRET OF THE AGES

Told by John Halden

## CHAPTER 15

### Igak Takes His Leave

As the primitive gold ornament lay gleaming dully on the moss before them the twins gasped and looked at each other, scarcely believing their eyes.

"Can this be the very place we were looking for?" cried Josephine excitedly. "It might be, you know, with the mammoth here in the cliff!"

For answer Jerry searched in his pocket and took out a flat piece of ivory, on which a crude drawing had been scratched.

"Events have been piling up so rapidly since we bought these things in Yakutsk," he said, "that we have never had time to examine them properly. Look here, Jo, this is certainly a drawing of a mammoth on mammoth ivory."

Josephine looked closely at the crude scratches. They showed a creature like an elephant, but with long shaggy fur, small ears, and enormous curving tusks. It was shown charging; its trunk uplifted as if trumpeting with anger.

"Extremely lifelike," commented Jo. "I'd stake anything this is a drawing from life, or at least memory."

"That would make it a paleolithic drawing," said Jerry, "for the last mammoth died before history began. Well, if our guess is right; and this is the place where our ornaments were found, it means—"

"It means that there may be a paleolithic village somewhere near us this very minute," interrupted Jo, pink with excitement. "And close to the surface, too, or these things would not be washed up so easily."

"And what a Stone Age village!" cried Jerry, weighing Igak's gold ornament in his hand. "Look here, Jo, this is raw gold taken straight out of the ground and only beaten into shape in the most primitive fashion."

"Which means, of course, that there must have been an exceedingly rich gold mine close to the village, a mine in which the gold was found pure, in pockets, for the Stone Age people wouldn't have known much about crushing it out of gold-bearing rock."

As the extraordinary possibilities opened out before them the twins felt they could not wait another moment to begin exploring for the site of the prehistoric village they were sure must be somewhere near.

"Where are the picks and spades?" cried Jerry, leaping to his feet. "I'm keen to have a look round."

Jo's eyes, however, had lighted on Igak, who had been forgotten in the excitement. He stood smiling confidently. "I stay now, eh?" he insinuated. "I give you nice gold. I good man."

Jo picked up the gold ornament and held it out to him.

"No, Igak," she said decidedly. "you will go. We won't have you at any price. Take this. You'll get good payment for it from the Yakutsk museum. Get your traps together. We don't want you here."

"I say, Jo, is that wise?" protested Jerry. "If there really is a village to be excavated we're pretty short of help as it is. If Igak goes it will leave us with only two men."

"If Igak stays we'll soon be left with no men at all," returned Jo. "Look down there! Yak and Imuk are watching to see who wins. All Igak wants is to find Father by hook or by crook for this mysterious revenge of his, whatever it is. Though I can't prove it, I'm perfectly certain he was aiming that spear at you. He would kill us both to get the map and carry on his hunt for Father."

"I suppose you are right," said Jerry doubtfully. "But if we turn him loose how can we make sure he doesn't go after Father on his own. He may know a good deal more than we think."

"He doesn't know where Father is or he wouldn't be so desperately anxious to get hold of the map," answered Jo. "If we give him barely enough provisions to get him to Yakutsk by the shortest possible route he isn't likely to risk starvation by ranging the country on the chance of coming on Father's camp."

"Right you are," said Jerry cheerfully and, seeing that Igak refused to take the gold armlet Jo held out to him, he took it from her and approached the native.

"No more nonsense, Igak," he said. "Take this, get your traps together and a

couple of dogs, then come round to me and I'll deal you out enough provisions to get you to Yakutsk and no more."

Sullenly Igak took the gold, and went off to get his personal belongings. Jerry called Yak and Imuk to him and set them to work beside his own tent. In a few minutes Igak was back again with two well-filled bags.

"Your possessions have grown, my man," remarked Jerry. "Put them down on the ground here and let's have a look at them."

Jerry did not trouble to comment on the contents of Igak's bags. He merely laid aside the articles that belonged to Jo and himself and returned the rest to Igak. Meanwhile Jo stood ready with the ammonia gun. With a glance at this, Igak, whose eyes were still red from his recent experience of it, accepted Jerry's judgment sullenly and started away toward the river.

As he passed the tent, however, he called out something in Yakut and held the gold armlet over his head in full sight for a moment, then flung it into the yellow waters of the river.

"What did he do that for?" murmured Jo to her brother.

"I imagine to impress Yak and Imuk," returned Jerry. "If so, he's got another scheme up his sleeve and doesn't mind paying good gold for it."

Igak was shouting something in Yakut at the top of his voice and making ceremonial gestures toward the river and the cliff below. Yak and Imuk watched him with evident respect and awe. Jerry approached them, wishing he knew more of the Yakut language.

"What is Igak saying?" he asked.

"I not tell," said Imuk sulkily. "He great shaman. He make peace with giant underground rat and river."

"The old humbug!" remarked Jo. "He is no more afraid of the giant rat than I am."

Igak paused long enough to shake his fist back at the twins and shout something that made the other two natives look at them furtively, and went on his way.

## CHAPTER 16

### The Beast in the Twilight

As soon as Igak was out of range of Jerry's powerful glasses, apparently making hard for Yakutsk, the twins set off together down-river to look for the paleolithic village. They took Yak and Imuk with them, not liking to trust them alone in camp.

"The water is subsiding," remarked Jerry, noting the marks on the bank. "That's all to the good. It's only a little over the mammoth's feet; earlier on it splashed well up his trunk."

"I believe there is a ledge of rock under his feet," said Jo. "That ought to come in well when we begin picking away the earth in front of him."

The great flat feet of the beast were almost entirely out of the cliff. Farther up, his head and almost the whole of his shoulders were clear.

"We'll have to do as much as possible before the frost comes and makes the ground impossible to work," said Jerry. "And about this village, I think our best plan is to find out what is at the bottom of that pool."

Jo shuddered as she remembered how narrow an escape her brother had had from being there himself.

"By the way," she said, as lightly as she could. "What happened to your gun?"

"It fell in the water when I did," replied Jerry.

"I thought so," said Jo. "I do wish there were some chance of getting it. It's pretty important to us."

"Well, we want to get at the bottom of that pool, anyway," Jerry said, thoughtfully. "You see, the things from the paleolithic village washed down by the swollen river have undoubtedly collected at the bottom there. If we hurry we might get out the gun before it is ruined."

"It looks pretty hopeless," answered Jo, looking into the scething depths below the waterfall.

"I don't see why," said Jerry cheerfully. "You see how the river narrows here above

the fall and runs between those two huge boulders comparatively close together. If we could dam it there and turn the water off here to the side—it would only take a bit of digging—the job would be half done. Then it would be a matter of draining the pool. Yak and Imuk are stout fellows; they could do the digging."

Yak and Imuk, as the twins noticed, looked at the mammoth in the cliff above with considerably more confidence.

"I should say Igak has convinced them that the whole of the curse will be turned on us," remarked Jo, noting the half-pitying glances the natives turned on them from the beast above.

"Good; I fancy we can bear it," said Jerry, chuckling. "And anything is welcome that may make our friends here willing to stay and work."

Indeed, when set to digging in the places indicated by Jerry, Yak and Imuk went to work almost with enthusiasm.

In time enough timber and brush had been cut and bound together with ropes to make an efficient dam when lowered between the boulders on the two sides of the stream. The water meanwhile had gone rapidly down until the ledge of rock at the feet of the mammoth was only just awash.

After seeing that the stream was well diverted from its bed, and that Yak and Imuk were digging the channel necessary for draining the pool below, Jerry and Jo could no longer restrain their longing to inspect the beast at closer quarters. Accordingly they walked carefully across on the top of their dam and waded to where the mammoth's feet and head hung out of the brown stone ice.

By standing on his toes on the ledge of rock Jerry could just reach up to the base of the animal's tusks. These were a beautiful creamy white, and the twins estimated them to be about ten feet long.

"Not as long as some that have been found," said Jerry; "but far more valuable, of course, because attached to the beast himself."

"What a smell!" remarked Jo.

"I should say so!" agreed Jerry. "You can't expose a hundred-thousand-year-old beast to the sun without something happening. We'll have to get him skinned as soon as we can. Luckily the icy water has kept him from going off as fast as he might have done otherwise."

"I only hope the wind doesn't often blow from him to the camp," said Jo with a chuckle. "It would be worse than the mosquitoes, and they are bad enough."

"I wonder if we could skin the feet and head at once," mused Jerry. "The dogs would be glad of some fresh meat."

"Fresh!" laughed his sister; but Jerry tried the inch-thick hide on the monster's leg with his knife and showed Jo triumphantly that the flesh underneath was still red and edible.

A shout from across the river made them turn. Yak and Imuk indicated by signs that the channel they had been set to dig up to the pool was ready for the final opening.

"We'll come back to this while the pool is draining," said Jerry, lifting up for the twentieth time the long black trunk of the mammoth and letting it fall again, pleased to see that it was still whole and flexible after its many thousand years of interment in the ice.

By the time everything had been got finally ready, and the water had begun draining out of the pool, the twins were too tired to do anything more with the mammoth that evening. So they went back to camp, and, for the first time since Igak had begun his treacheries, they turned in to sleep at the same time.

The season having advanced, the Sun no longer shone all night, and it was before the end of the few hours of twilight that served as night that Jo awoke.

She felt completely refreshed, and, seeing that her brother still slept, decided to wander down to the pool to see how much of the water had drained off. Accordingly she pulled on her boots and walked along the river bank, choosing her steps carefully for the light was still dim.

The mammoth hanging from the cliff looked very big and menacing in the twilight. Suddenly she saw his huge head bob down and then jerk upward again. Jo rubbed her eyes. Was she dreaming? Then she saw a movement below the hanging trunk; a blotted figure that shifted against the cliff! Two long arms reached up toward the tusks.

Could it be Igak again? The thought did not frighten her. She felt thoroughly angry with Igak. But what was he doing with the mammoth? She picked up a stone and threw it at the shaggy figure. With a low growl it turned, fell on all fours, and opened a snarling white-fanged mouth!

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO PAYS THE RENT

As Father Jacko got up from the breakfast-table his wife said: "You won't forget the rent, dear? The collector is calling again today."

"Let him!" cried Father Jacko defiantly, as he pulled out some notes and threw them on the table. "I'm ready for him. Though what with rates and taxes—well, well! If it isn't one thing it's another. Look at this letter from my rascally brother! Wants to borrow £5. He never did an honest day's work in his life and expects me to keep him!"

Jacko pricked up his ears. Who was this mysterious uncle he had never seen?

"After all," said Mother Jacko, picking up the notes and placing them carefully under the clock, "he's your brother."

"Yes, yes," grunted Father Jacko. "I'll see what I can do—but not now. That rent has taken my last penny," he muttered as he went off.



"My generous brother!" he cried, and in a flash he had gone

"Now, Jacko," said his mother, "I'm going to run across to the shops. Keep an eye on Baby, there's a good lad."

Left alone with Baby, who was in bed with a cold, Jacko found the house pretty dull. He was glad when the bell rang.

It was a stranger. "I've come to see your father," he said, looking at Jacko queerly, "about some money."

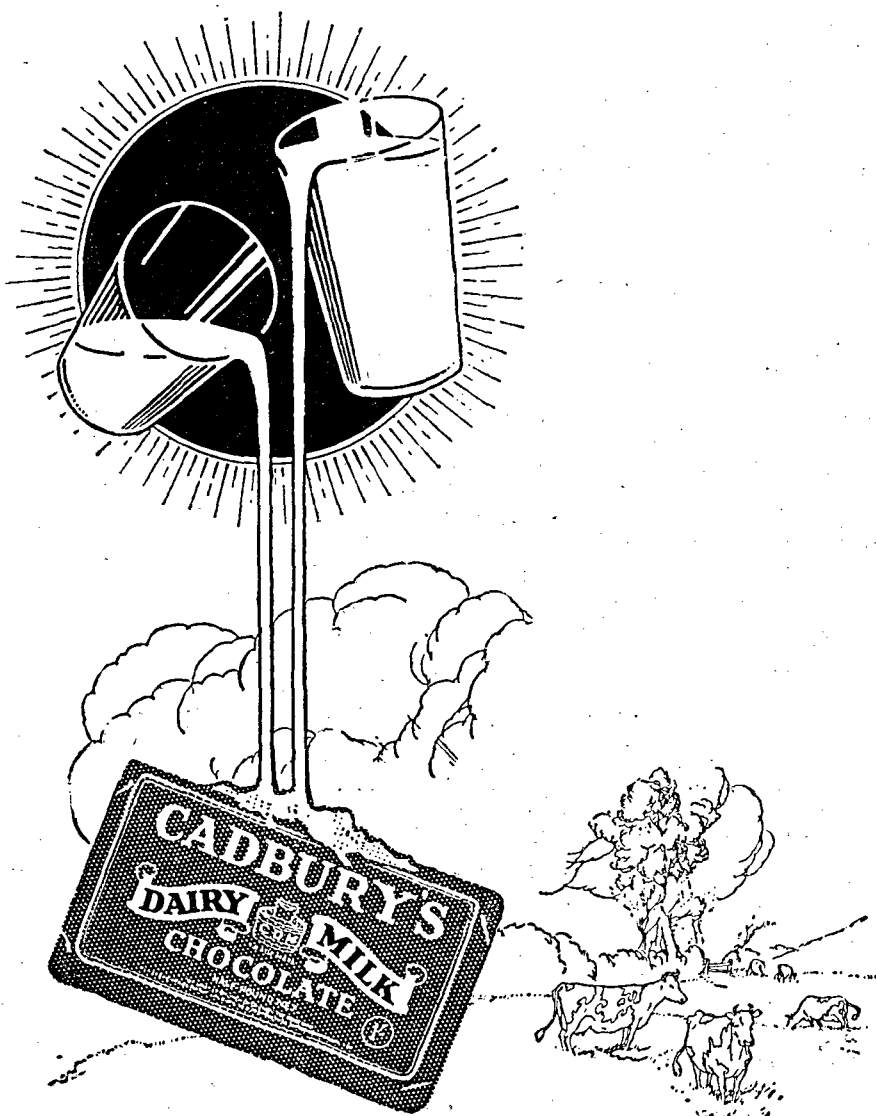
"Come in!" said Jacko cheerfully. "He's left the money all right," he added with a grin; and, reaching up to the mantelpiece, he took down the £5 and handed it over.

Just then the hall door banged and in strode his father. To Jacko's surprise, the stranger rushed up to him, shook him violently by the hand, and cried, "My generous brother!" and in a flash he had gone.

"Gosh!" whispered Jacko. "I took him for the rent collector!" And in a flash he went too!



# You can taste the cream!



The creaminess of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate comes from real cream—the cream of dairy milk. Gallons and gallons of milk from English farms go into every batch of this creamiest of chocolate. Actually, one and a half glasses of fresh, full-cream English milk, rich in the Sunshine Vitamin "D," are used in every ½ lb. block. So it is only natural that you can taste the cream!

## CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

2<sup>D</sup> BARS & 6<sup>D</sup> PACKETS

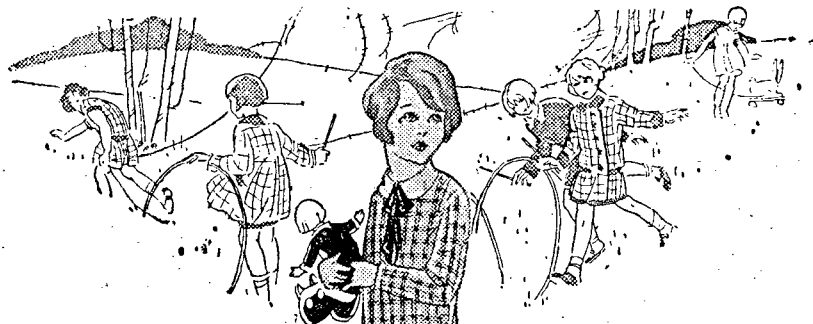
HALF-POUND 1/-

# JAPSHAN

(Registered Trade Mark)

## BRITISH PURE SILK

### for your play frocks



Like most girls, you have often wished for pretty play frocks of Pure Silk, and like most parents, Mother has always hinted that Pure Silk is too extravagant.

Tell Mother now, that this is not so if she chooses 'Japshan' British Pure Silk. Tell her that 'Japshan' is especially woven for schoolgirls' hard wear, and that it will wash

and wash without harming. Tell her, too, that every yard of 'Japshan' Silk is guaranteed in every way.

A FEW PRICE EXAMPLES:

Natural or Cream	6/6
36 ins. wide	
Plain colours, ivory, latest	
checks and stripes	6/11
36 ins. wide	
Cream or Natural	4/11
29 ins. wide	
Smart woven stripes and	
checks, ivory and	
pastel shades	5/9
29 ins. wide	

Also 'Japshan' in wider widths at proportionate prices. Full 'Japshan' Price List on request.



From First-class Drapers and Stores.  
TELL MOTHER TO INSIST UPON SEEING THE NAME 'JAPSHAN' ON DETACHABLE SELVEDGE LABELS. It is not genuine otherwise, and is not sold in the market place. If any difficulty in obtaining genuine 'Japshan' Pure Silk, please write for name of suitable retailer to Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd. (suppliers to Trade only), 898, VVell House, Old Change, London, E.C.4.



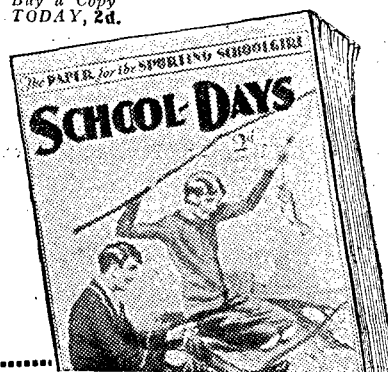
### HAVE YOU JOINED THE SCHOOL-DAYS CIRCLE?

If you are a modern schoolgirl—if you believe in good fellowship among girls—if you would like to join a club which promotes that spirit of good comradeship—then the School-Days Circle is meant for you. Every member receives one of the coloured badges.

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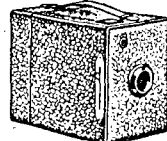
for the best jokes, stories or other interesting features. This week's issue of SCHOOL-DAYS is a specially enlarged number, overflowing with good things.

Buy a Copy  
TODAY, 2d.



### TAKE PERFECT PHOTOS.

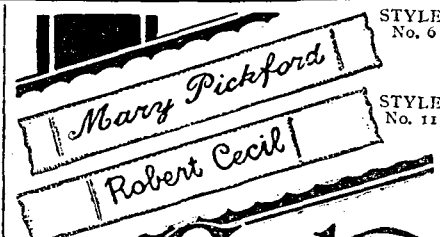
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## Cash's NAMES

WOVEN on FINE CAMBRIC TAPE  
Neither washing nor wear will efface your sign of ownership if you mark your linen with Cash's Names.

PRICES: White Ground.  
12 doz. 5/- 6 doz. 3/9 3 doz. 2/9

Also on Black Tapes at slight extra cost.

Can also be supplied on a slightly wider tape with name and address in two lines. 2 doz. 3/6. 4 doz. 4/6.

Cash's Names can be supplied in the following colours: Red, Yellow, Green, Helio, Black, Sky or Navy Blue on

White Tapes. Obtainable at your draper or out-fitter in a few days. Samples and full list of styles FREE on application to

J. & J. CASH LTD., Dept. D.D.8, COVENTRY

Send for Free Patterns of Cash's Washing Ribbons.

All Boys and Girls can swim well this season. Sid G. Hedges will show you how to master the art.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF SWIMMING.  
THE GIRLS' BOOK OF SWIMMING.

Each 1/6 net. (Per post 1/8)

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52, DARNLEY STREET, GLASGOW.

### FINE PEA PISTOLS!!



You can have great fun with these pistols, which fire several shots with one loading.

Get yours to-day!

50 Shot Automatic Pea Repeater, 2/6	Post 3d.
25 " " " " " " " " " " " "	on each.
17 " Wild West " " " " " " " " " "	

NORWOODS (Dept. C.N.), 3, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 18, 1929

Every Thursday 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

## THE BRAN TUB

### Tom and His Oranges

TOM had a bag of oranges, and he found that when he counted them by either 2, 4, or 5 at a time there always remained one odd one.

What was the least number he could have had? *Answer next week*

### Feet for a Crystal Set

AN improvement which can be carried out on practically any crystal set is the addition of soft rubber feet to the base or case.

These feet will absorb jars or vibration detrimental to the adjustment of the cat's-whisker detector.

One of the large, soft india-rubbers supplied by artist's material stores should be procured; this will cost about sixpence and will suffice for the four feet. After dividing the rubber into quarters a hole should be punched through the centre of each piece with a nail, after which the feet may be secured to the base of the instrument with brass screws.

### A Riddle in Figures

AN Irish town eleven letters name. And very many words are in the same.

The last five letters very oft are played;

Take seven away, a farmyard store is made.

The last five, too, are often 3, 2, 4. And 8, 6, 5 is heard upon the door.

Or 10, 6, 7 much the same, alive. Will be content to put its 5, 6, 3.

On any 11, 9, 4, 1 of prey that it can see.

5, 6, 8, 1, 2, 4 is sometimes sent, For grave offence or traitorous intent.

Against the 10, 8, 2, 3, 4 or State To prisoners taken in the 3, 6, 8.

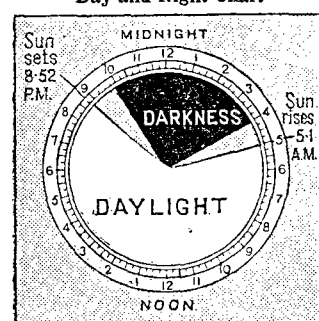
But with the figures I must now have done

Or weary else, you will 4, 2, 1. All these words and many more

You'll find in an Irish 7, 2, 3, 4.

*Answer next week*

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Mercury is in the North-West, Mars is in the

West, Neptune is in the South-West, and Saturn is in the South-East.

In the morning Venus is in the East.

Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on May 22.



### The Words We Speak and How They Came

**Calculate.** In far-off days men were not able to count unless they had some aid, and it was usual in reckoning to use little stones as counters. The Latin word for a small pebble is *calculus*, and so the man who reckoned by means of pebbles was said to calculate. The word has come down to us, but the practice has long since been abandoned except in the Kindergarten.

### Missing Consonants

FILL in the missing consonants and make the words described.

A\*\*O\*E . . . A vegetable  
\*EO\*A\*\* . . . An animal  
AU\*I\*U\*A . . . A flower  
\*U\*\*E\*\*\*\* . . . An insect  
A\*\*I\*A\*O\* . . . A reptile  
\*E\*\*A\*I\*E . . . A fruit

*Answer next week*

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

YOUNG starlings are fledged and young greenfinches hatched.

The blackcap, sedge warbler, and whinchat lay their eggs. The house martin builds its nest. The great titmouse's song ceases. The hive bee swarms. The greasy fritillary and small heath butterflies and the heath moth are seen.

The sailor beetle and golden-green dragon-fly appear. Holly, ragged robin, cross-wort, raspberry, white clover, mignonette, white campion, herb bennet, gromwell, butter-wort, and bistort blossom.

### Ici On Parle Français



Le treillis la tulipe le baquet

Le treillis nous sert de clôture. On cultive la tulipe en Hollande. Le tonnelier fabrique des baquets.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

An Enigma Two Bags of Marbles  
Waterfall Tom 72, Dick 12

### Changeling

Book, cook, cork, work, worm

### Reversals

Dray, yard. Spot, tops. Leek, keel.

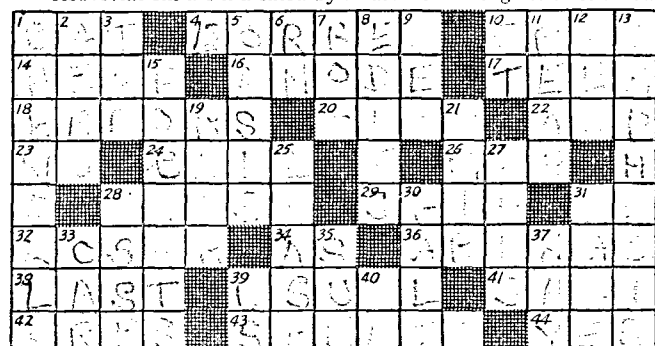
A Rebus A Hidden Flower  
Glass BuGLE, BOX, LINK, dial

### A Few Trees

(Cl)oak, chestnut, (s)ash, fir(e), (h)elm, bee(Ba)ch, lin(k)den.

### Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues below.



**Reading Across.** 1. A feline friend. 4. An acid-leaved herb. 10. Unfettered. 14. A pile. 16. Positive pole of an electric cell. 17. To be prolific. 18. Mistakes. 20. Rising and falling of the sea. 22. A high mountain. 23. Negative. 24. To furnish with a ceiling. 26. Representation on paper of Earth's surface. 28. Edict of Russian Government. 29. A vessel. 31. Master of Arts\*. 32. The defeated. 34. Like. 36. Scenes of conflict. 38. Final. 39. Customary. 41. A South American monkey. 42. Transgresses. 43. A governing body. 44. Affirmative.

**Reading Down.** 1. Velvety cord used for trimming furniture. 2. Pertaining to the air. 3. Dark viscid fluid. 5. Fertile spot in desert. 6. Royal Navy\*. 7. Decay. 8. Prepares for publication. 9. Directed. 10. Feet\*. 11. To gather in. 12. A snake-like fish. 13. Stress. 15. Receptacles. 19. Behind. 21. An Arab governor. 25. Land contract. 27. Monkeys. 28. Russian Republic\*. 30. Stop. 31. Fabricate. 33. Used for rowing. 35. A star. 37. Negative. 39. We. 40. Automobile Association\*.

## Dr. MERRYMAN

### Cause and Effect

THE tramp asked the lady of the house for money.

"Aren't you the same man I gave some cake to a week ago?"

"No, mum," replied the tramp.

"And the doctor says I never will be again."

### Sheer Audacity

THE singer had just left the stage.

"How I envy that man!" said a listener.

"But he can't sing; his voice is awful," replied his friend.

"I know that," said the first speaker; "but think of the nerve of the man to imagine he can."

### Then There Was Silence

THE visitor from town had asked so many questions that the farmer began to feel impatient.

"Why do you use such a heavy roller on your potato field?" was the next question.

"Well," replied the farmer, "you see, this year I am growing mashed potatoes."

### The Exception



SNIP: When Spring is here we one and all

Welcome the cuckoo's morning call.

Snap: Oh, no; the owl thinks it a pest

Because it robs him of his rest!

### Epochs Made Here

AN inventor was endeavouring to interest a company promoter in his latest wonder.

"Believe me, sir," said the inventor, "this is an epoch-making machine."

"Oh, is it?" queried the man of wealth. "Then let me see it make an epoch."

### What a Joke

THE humorist had just been introduced.

"Ah," said the other. "No doubt you joke-writers are always looking for a funny thing."

"Quite!" agreed the funny ryan. "So glad to have met you."

## WHO WAS HE?

IN the fourteenth century Italy was the country that most influenced all the people in the world who could read books.

It gained that influence very largely through one man. His family belonged to Florence, a city famous then as it is now. But Florence was divided into quarrelling parties, and this man's father had been driven out of it before his son was born.

At that time all Italy was split up into little States; the Church was divided, too. There were two Popes, one being in Rome and one at Avignon in France. The boy went to live at Avignon. He was clever and handsome and popular, and he soon became known as very learned. His

father wanted him to be a lawyer, but he determined from the first to be a writer of books.

It was at the time when the fine writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans were beginning to be discovered, and he set himself the task of travelling wherever old manuscripts were likely to be found and collecting them for his library. Though during his youth he was poor he had no difficulty in living with kings and princes. They all competed with one another in inviting him to be their guest. The great cities welcomed him, and each tried to persuade him to live there.

Soon he became known as a writer of the choicest Latin,

and of poems everyone admired. Living at the Courts of kings, he met the famous men of other lands, and they were proud to meet him. Among them he met our English poet Chaucer. When he was 35 he was publicly crowned as poet-laureate. The Pope wanted him to be his secretary, but he declined. He wished to be free. Indeed, he kept himself free in mind as well as body, and even dared to argue in favour of a Republic when he was a guest of kings.

As he had always been a lover of Nature he delighted to live for a change in country places. When he died, at the age of seventy, in 1374, he was famous throughout the whole of Europe.

## A GREAT MAN OF LETTERS

What we know best of his writings now are his love sonnets written to a lady named Laura. They are among the most famous of poems written about love, and their style was copied everywhere. They spread a knowledge of Italian in other countries, and a smoother and sweeter flow of rhyme. He was the most polished man



of letters of his age; not the most thoughtful but the most artistic, and one of the most cultured. He has been called the first modern man. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

Protect  
your  
Throat

The 'Allenburys' Glycerine & Black Currant Pastilles are manufactured from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of choice ripe black currants by a special process which conserves the full value and flavour of the fruit. They have a demulcent and mildly astringent effect, most useful in allaying simple irritations of the throat.

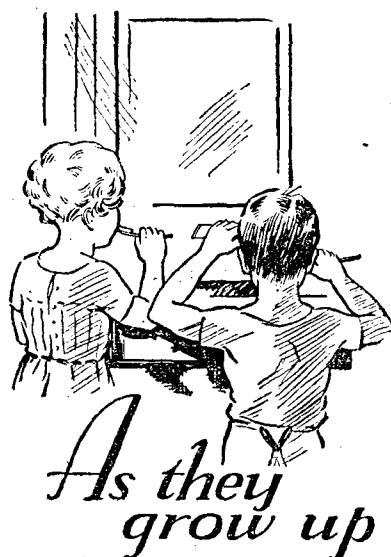
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dissolve slowly and uniformly, and have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour which is most refreshing.

Your Chemist stocks them  
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2 oz., 8d. 8 oz., 2/3  
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As they  
grow up

Children who early cultivate the Kolynos habit have cause to be thankful. The passing years but serve to strengthen and whiten their teeth and add to the firmness of their gums.

This is the main reason for teaching them to use Kolynos regularly, but besides being more efficient it will be found far cheaper in the long run.

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DENTAL CREAM